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Photo, by LAFAYETTE,

PRINCESS FRANCIS DE HATZFELDT.

THE ORPHANS.

"HIS mother killed my father. She got him down and struck him three times. But my father stabbed her with his *maquila*, and she died directly after."

It was in the May-fly time, and I had been angling with some success in a pleasant Hampshire stream, but the trout had gone off the feed, and I was taking a rest, lying back in the lush meadow grass, shaded by a hedge that was a tangle of brambles and wild flowers, when, from across the tangle, came these blood-curdling words. I was struck with horror, to the very marrow, as I heard them. Evidently I was the unwilling listener to a tale of fearful violence—of Corsican vendetta, might be. The idea occurred to me on the instant, for the voice had a singular intonation. Certainly it was not an English voice. I was familiar with most of the accents of Continental Europe; this did not strike my ear as one of them. In the twinkling of an eye my imagination, roused to hyper-activity by the terrific nature of the words I had overheard, travelled to the island of Corsica, and the very remarkable social conditions that are known to be extant there. The next moment my mind, with an instinct of self-preservation, turned to consideration of my own present position. Frankly, I did not like it.

It appeared, from what I had overheard, that just across the tangled hedge there were at least one, if not more, desperate foreigners, to whom the use of the *maquila*, or, equally, of the knife, is as familiar as it is lightly regarded. And I had unwillingly overheard portion of a conversation which common delicacy, to say the least, would wish kept private, and was probably intended to be strictly confidential. The attitude that these men might assume towards me when they discovered my unwitting eaves-dropping was doubtful; but its uncertainty not of a pleasing character. With me I had no more powerful weapon than the handle of my landing net. They might probably be armed with their *maquillas*—those steel, spear-pointed sticks which the people of the Pyrenees carry to protect them from the attacks of the great wolf-hounds which the shepherds of those mountains keep for the safeguard of their flocks. It seemed the better part of valour to pick my rod and net quietly from the grass and to repair to my proper business of fishing, leaving my foreign friends without interruption about theirs.

As soon as I was on my feet, curiosity, in spite of prudence, tempted me to cast a glance across the hedge of brambles; and it would be untrue to say that my nerves, already somewhat flustered, received the slightest sedative from the aspect of the figure that met my gaze. There, resting on a long stout pole—quite unlike the *maquila* of my fears—stood a great brown bear. His aspect was not menacing; he conformed indifferently to the muzzling laws, by wearing a muzzle of leather—not in strict accordance with the regulations of the Home Secretary. Nevertheless, it is to be admitted, his unexpected appearance gave me something of an added shock. Apparently he was alone; yet, even in the present disturbance of my nerves, I could not conceive that it had been his voice, speaking in soliloquy, that I had overheard.

Then, from the ground, as it seemed, at the foot of the hedge,

came the commonplace comment: "Well, 'e's a quaint cuss."

There was nothing of the Corsican about this speaker—no foreign twang in the accent. It was homely Cockney, and brought my wandering wits back to their bearings immediately. In an instant I was able to smile, mentally, at my folly in associating *maquila* with the island of Corsica. Instantly I recognised the rare note that I had detected in the accent, and said to myself, "Of course—Basque!"—and in another moment had given up my idea of stealing off, if possible, unobserved, and, almost involuntarily, had exclaimed aloud, "Léon!"

At that summons, as I had expected, there jumped from the foot of the hedge, and stood facing me, a figure with a round Basque face, wearing on its head a *berret* of the kind affected by that people, and a little trumpet of brass slung upon the shoulder. Another figure, too, a Cockney figure, rose to its feet and faced me; but this was in no way remarkable, and I did not regard it.

As I gazed into the honest eyes of the face beneath the blue *berret*, their astonishment gradually lightened into recognition; an answering smile to mine played across the broad face; finally a hand went up to the *berret* in courteous salutation.

"Monsieur remembers?" the Basque asked, smilingly.

"Perfectly," I said. "On the terrace at Pau."

"Ah, yes, yes. On the terrace at Pau! Has he not grown now," he asked, turning proudly to his bear—"L'orphelin?"

"He has," I said. "But where is the other? There were two."

"Ah," he answered, shaking his head sadly, "he is dead."

Two years before, on the terrace that runs from the Gassion Hotel right along to the Chateau Henri Quatre at Pau, where the sun beats down so fiercely, though the top of the Pic du Midi and even of the lower Pyrenees are glistening white with snow, there it was I had seen this fellow first. He had appeared climbing up the steep path from the station, followed by two rolling woolly balls on chains. These were young bears—*les orphelins* (orphans) the Béarnais boys called them. Léon, the

Basque bear-leader, told us all the story of their capture, in indifferent French, difficult to understand, but with dramatic gesture. His father and he had been out hunting for *izards* (the Pyrenean chamois), ibex, or whatever might turn up, even, perchance, a bear. And they had chanced on one—by great luck—a she-bear with two cubs. They had wounded her, and believed her to be dead; but Léon's father going up to her incautiously, she had roused to a last access of fury, had sprung on him before he could get away, had "got him down and struck him three times. But my father stabbed her with his *maquila*, and she died directly after."

This was the account that Léon gave in his indifferent French that sunny morning on the terrace at Pau, and this was the account that he was giving, in equally indifferent English, that drowsy noontide in Hampshire.

When he had found that he could do nothing for his father, he had determined, like a wise man, to make the best he could out of the bears. He captured the young cubs without trouble, for they would not leave their mother, and went touring the country with them, showing off their tricks. His father's fate had given him a distaste for the hunting, which had been his previous profession, and he found it a deal easier playing the part of bear-leader. Now, in the pleasant Hampshire meadow, having given his chance Cockney



L'ORPHELIN.



Photos. by H. G. Grover, TOURING THE COUNTRY.

Parson's Green.

friend an unceremonious *congé*, he told me all his history in the interim. The orphans had grown too big to be led about in chains. Also, two bears, fully grown, were more than a single man could manage. The good God had seemed to recognise this, for He had willed it that one should die. It was best so, said Léon, philosophically, for he himself could not do with more than one, and no one else would have given the other orphan the care and affection he had been used to receive from Léon. So now there was but one orphan left, unless you counted Léon

himself, whom the bear's mother had orphaned, even as Léon's father had orphaned the bear.

It seemed to create a strange bond between them, as I could not but think as I left them—the two orphans, *homo et ursus*—to pursue their way along the high road, after giving Léon a largesse proportionate to the interest of his story, while I returned to the river, where, by good luck, the evening rise was just commencing.

HORATIUS.

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

WE have been favoured during the past week with good haymaking weather, and although there have been, on occasions, unusually strong winds, on the whole the report is favourable. The hay harvest, which is now nearly over, has not been so satisfactory as was at one time anticipated; and, owing to the cool season, corn crops promise to be a good deal later than usual.

After a long period of acute agricultural depression, which has been more severe there than in almost any other part of the kingdom, a crowning disaster has fallen upon the unfortunate county of Essex. The terrible storm, which was briefly alluded to in our last issue, has, according to further and fuller information since received, proved to have been absolutely unparalleled, both in regard to its violence and the amount of ruin and devastation that it has caused. It is almost impossible to exaggerate or even to convey an adequate idea of the fury of the tempest; but when corrugated iron roofs were pierced and riddled as if by rifle bullets (as happened to the iron roofing over the workshops of Messrs. Hodge and Taylor, Chelmsford, amongst others) it will readily be understood that no crops could withstand the deadly fusillade of such a tornado. Windows, conservatories, and glass-houses were demolished by the hailstones, and brick walls blown down. The damage wrought is simply incalculable. Hailstones, or rather lumps of solid ice, 5½ in. to 6¼ in. round, were picked up in several places, and one of these destructive missiles, weighed by Mr. Horsenell, of the Ingatestone Post Office, turned the scale at 3½ oz.

The Essex County Chronicle, one of the smartest and best conducted of provincial papers, gives a moving account of the ruin and desolation, and, were not the journal in question beyond suspicion, many of the statements might be regarded as incredible. "Farms swept clean of crops," "slates and iron roofs penetrated," "hailstones bigger than hen's eggs," and so on, read more like quotations from the picturesquely imaginative Press of the Western States of America than that of an English home county, but, unfortunately, it is all too true. Essex farmers have indeed been sorely tried. Hoping against hope, they have struggled bravely on, until it really seemed that the tide was turning at last. The crops were better and more promising this year than for very many seasons past. Now this hope has gone; for it is the literal truth that the crops are utterly destroyed. Over an area of more than a hundred square miles there will be practically no harvest at all, consequently, there will be no work for the labourer, and in many cases nothing but the workhouse for master and man alike unless help, and substantial help, is forthcoming, and that speedily.

The Lord Mayor has kindly consented to open a fund for the relief of the sufferers, and no doubt, even with all the unusual claims which have been made on its generosity in connection with the Jubilee, the great heart of England will respond liberally and promptly to his Lordship's appeal for our fellow countrymen in distress. The Government will probably be unable to assist with public money, and, in this connection, the eloquent words of Colonel Lockwood, the popular M.P. for the Epping division of the county, are worth repeating: "It is never the custom of Englishmen to look to the State for aid, to go to the State

whining for help in their trouble and difficulty. No, we rely on the warm affection that every Englishman shows to his brother when distress overtakes him, and I have more hope of the appeal to be made to the country than I have of the Government in this matter."

Amongst the many miseries which are the defects of the qualities of that most excellent sport of fishing, one of the most exasperating is to chance on grayling steadily on the feed while totally out of season; trout, on the contrary, declining the most tempting arrangement in feathers, though in the height of condition. Such an exasperation does occur, has lately actually occurred to the writer; and, to make it the more bitter, on a certain river on which in the high grayling season he had suffered the very converse exasperation—found trout taking, though clean out of season, but the grayling with no appetite at all. It needs not to say that this particular annoyance is restricted to those rivers, comparatively few in number, which are the home of grayling. Not, though, that grayling, in the writer's view, are at all to be condemned as inmates of the very finest trouting river, for in spite of the occasional aberrations indicated, they normally supply sport just when the trout are normally unfit to give it; and, after all, "shett" grayling are always in season. A man, too, can generally tell the difference between the rise of a grayling and a trout, if he has any experience of the rarer fish. So he has only himself to thank if he spend most of a likely evening fishing for an unseasonable grayling.

The trout are inclined to be lazy now. They have done their May-fly gorge, and at this season the rivers are generally low and very clear, so that the trout has an excellent opportunity of examining most minutely both the angler and his lure, and finding both of them abominable. The evening fishing is the best—from half-past seven to half-past nine—but that the trout's dinner hour is apt to coincide with the normal dinner hour of the angler, and the reward is to him who will sacrifice his ordinary hours for the sake of being present, as an uninvited guest, when the trout are dining, in order that he may invite them to his dinner party on the following night. It behoves, however, even at that late evening hour, that the line of invitation should be delicately delivered. Writers on fishing are fond of suggesting that the invitation should be conveyed by the "coachman," but this is a fly that the writer, in common with several whose counsel he has taken, has found none too efficacious. It is wonderful what small flies big fish will take, even in these evening hours. A big "sedge" will sometimes get a response, but more often it is the "dun," or the "gnat," almost invisible, one would think, by the twilight, that is accepted as long as the fish are on the rise. When they are not rising, no angler's magic can raise them—it is time to go to bed.

Very charming is it at this season, in the evening hours, by the water's brink, fish or no fish. The hay crop has been gathered in, and the air is full of the delightful fragrance. There is a further blessing about this ingathering of the hay—not such a poor crop, after all, we are glad to think, in spite of a poorish promise in the spring—there are fewer graceful specimens of Flora, in which your fly is likely, especially in the twilight, to get entrapped. Yet even when it is so entrapped the case is often not as bad as the inexperienced are apt to believe it, and, consequently, to make it. When we are caught in a dock, or any plant of a yielding nature, we are apt to forget that it does not follow, from the fly's not coming away with the first hardest switch we dare to give it, that such a switch, if several times repeated, will not, at length, fetch it away. We are apt to think that we have to go on switching harder and harder, quite beyond the limit of strain that we have any right to expect the gut to bear, on the principle that we must go on till something gives way—gut or dock-leaf. This, no doubt, is ultimately true; but if we reflect that the hook is of iron and the dock in which it is caught is of tender herbage, it is evident that continual jaggings, at the strength we think safe to apply, may by degrees saw through the dock and release the fly uninjured, whereas by switching harder and harder we may break the gut just at the very moment that the hook was beginning to work its way out of the confounded vegetable. It is well to bear in mind this difference of endurance between the dock-leaf and the hook.

It is very satisfactory to hear that the little-short-of-disgraceful decision of the York magistrates, who fined Mr. Simmons, the proprietor of the Harker's Hotel, £10 and costs because someone made a bet on his premises, has been promptly quashed, on appeal, at the York Quarter Sessions. The Recorder held that Mr. Simmons must be shown to have knowingly and wilfully allowed it, and as it was not even attempted to do this, he at once declared the conviction to be wrong. The methods which had been employed by the faddists to obtain this conviction, and which were characterised by the Recorder as "vindictive,"

ought surely to open the eyes of everyone to the fact that these meddlesome individuals are alike ignorant of the first principles of fair play, and are prepared to stick at nothing in their misguided efforts to annoy and worry all those whose opinions are not identical with their own. Fortunately the decision in the case of *Powell v. The Kempton Park Racecourse Company*, which was delivered on Monday last, will put an end to all these vindictive and vexatious prosecutions, and for ever prevent notoriety-hunting nobodies, such as the self-sufficient secretary of the so-called Anti-Gambling League, from further interference with the liberties of Englishmen. A most unpromising and crushing defeat was the judgment in question for the enemies of sport, who were pluming themselves on their fancied victory in the *Hawke v. Dunn* case.

As was pointed out in these notes at the time, the real root of the question was never reached in that absurd trial, and it was common talk among those men of the law who really understood the subject, that Mr. Justice Hawkins's decision was sure to be overruled the first time it was properly argued in a higher court. This was done when the appeal against the recent decision of the Lord Chief Justice, in the *Kempton Park* test case, was heard before the six Lords Justices of Appeal in the middle of last month, the result being that on Monday last the appeal was allowed, and the decision in *Hawke v. Dunn* overruled by a majority of five to one. Lord Esher's judgment, which was sound common sense throughout, ended with the following words: "The Act was an Act for the Suppression of Gaming Houses, and ought to have been entitled an Act for the Suppression of Betting if the respondents were right in their contention." This is what has all along been argued in these notes. Four other judges also decided to the same effect, and the only one dissentient, Lord Justice Rigby, evidently entertained very erroneous opinions as to the constitution of racecourse "enclosures."

Among close finishes, the Surrey and Middlesex match will be long remembered. Having collapsed in the early stages of the game, Surrey left Middlesex with only 97 runs to get in the last innings. The number, however, proved too large by nine, in spite of the strength of the Middlesex batting. The first two wickets fell to Richardson. Although he is, with the exception perhaps of Kortright, the fastest bowler in England, a large proportion of his balls were breaking right across the wicket, with a quickness that no other bowler except Spofforth has ever equalled. Scientifically, considering the pace of the ball, the variation in direction is almost as hard to account for as the curl of a ball in the air, but the facts of experience are hardly in need of proof. Just at the most exciting part of the match, when McGregor looked like knocking off the runs, Key put on Lees for one over, just to enable Richardson to change ends; but by a fortunate chance the new bowler bowled McGregor clean with his fifth ball, and Webbe was caught off him in the slips an over later, without a run being scored off him. Thus the victory was made sure by a mere accidental stroke of policy, and the Oval crowd rushed to pat their heroes on the back with even more than their usual enthusiasm.

A much bigger crowd—the largest, indeed, of the season—was assembled to see the great fight between Yorkshire and Surrey. Looking from the top of the pavilion, itself crowded, with a fringe of legs even thrust through the railings and hanging down the wall, the whole circumference of the ground seemed a collection of straw hats on stands. The general orderliness and silence encouraged the idea; occasionally a very brilliant stroke would arouse a cheer or a series of exclamations, but most were too intent on the cricket to find time for expression. The quality of the cricket was worth the admiration. Richardson in the first innings bowled his best; all the batting was sound, if a little slow, and the fielding quite exceptional. Brown at point was most brilliant, and his running out of Abel was the best of many brilliant returns. It is a pity that such a keen match should have ended in a draw, especially when about an hour would have settled the great question whether Surrey's last four wickets could or could not have scored those 78 runs. Sometimes one wishes for that Australian fashion of playing a match to a finish in spite of time.

Gloucestershire, for so many years pulled into the first-class by W. G. Grace, is at last beginning to win successes in spite of the comparative failures of the captain. The other day Roberts and Townsend got rid of Somerset, on a good wicket, for 57, and won the match by ten wickets! But the county will be infinitely stronger yet, now that the 'Varsity terms are over; it seems, indeed, full of 'Varsity cricketers. Two of the Oxford team are eligible, Champain having already distinguished himself, as also A. G. Richardson, who just failed to get in the Cambridge team, but made a fine score of 89 against the Somerset bowling. There are, besides, young Grace and

Hemingway, of last year's Cambridge team, and also Jessop, already the chief cause of his county's success against Surrey. Competition for a place will be waxing strong—a welcome change to the captain, after his late difficulties in raising a team of at all representative strength.

The fortunes of Essex have been followed with special interest. They had to the end of the week entirely avoided defeat, and most of the drawn matches have left off strongly in their favour. They have two of the best amateur bowlers in the country, and, on his day, one of the best professionals, while every member of the side can make runs. However, after defeating Derbyshire easily they at last met with defeat from Lancashire. The match was well fought all through; but those veterans, Briggs and Mold, yet again proved an invincible pair. How many matches these two have won on the post is beyond calculation. They have this year a very fair chance of winning back the championship which Lancashire have so often just missed.

The crowd at this match was not much interfered with by the fact that the Amateur Athletic Championships were also taking place at Manchester. This meeting was worse than such meetings usually are. Indeed, since the authorities have changed the date of the meeting from Easter to the summer the interest has to a large extent died out, since 'Varsity athletes are practically precluded from entering. The times were this year lamentable, in many cases so inferior to those at the Inter-Varsity Sports as to suggest that many athletes who failed to get their blue might have competed successfully. The putting the weight and the walking race were excellent; but what a pair of events for a meeting which calls itself the Amateur Championship to depend upon for its popularity!

The fine victory of Cambridge over an M.C.C. team, and the defeat of a partially representative Oxford team by the same club, made Cambridge strong favourites for the 'Varsity match. The only argument for speculators in favour of Oxford was their victory over Sussex following the signal defeat that county inflicted on Cambridge; but the fact that most members of the Cambridge eleven had played previously and successfully in former matches at Lord's was sufficient cause of confidence in their chances on that most nervous of occasions. Stogdon and Fernie, the last two choices, are to be congratulated on their blue. There can be no doubt—and this cannot always be said—that both sides played the best possible teams that could be selected, and were both quite distinctly above the average, as shown both by style and by individual previous performances.

Cambridge have indeed experienced a wonderful season. Though twice defeated by Sussex, they have beaten the champion county, and with the exception of one draw against M.C.C., have been successful in every other match. Too much can hardly be said in favour of Druce as captain. He has generalised the side excellently, he is the best field on the side, and has an average of about 70. Even two years ago he had a better average than any other member of the 'Varsity team on record, but that season his scoring did not approach, either in brilliancy or consistency, his performances of this year. He should become a great acquisition to the Surrey team.

The Oxford successes have been almost as great, and more remarkable, considering that at the beginning of the season Bardswell and Cunliffe were the sole remaining members of the side. But Waddy reappeared suddenly from Paramatta, or some such place, the Army examiners were successfully wrought upon in favour of Hartley, and to this nucleus Seniors and Freshmen supplied an unexpected quantity of talent. The fielding has been extremely brilliant throughout, and if only the old members of the team, especially the captain, could recover their past batting form, a team sounder in every department could scarcely be desired. The team should be stronger in batting than it has appeared, but there are individual weaknesses. Foster will never leave anything alone on the off side, Champain is a very nervous beginner, Bardswell and Waddy both begin to hit too soon, and several members of the side have too great a fondness for the hook stroke, which, being unorthodox, must be judged on its measure of success. Druce and Ranjitsinhji can both hit across at balls on the leg stump, but their immunity from punishment is not universally shared.

When Cambridge were all out for 156, after winning the toss, on a fast wicket, people began to respect the Oxford bowling; but when Oxford collapsed, even more miserably, innumerable reasons were suggested—something must have been wrong with the wicket, or the light was bad, or the wind made the ball curl; but in very truth nothing at all was the matter. No doubt the bowling on both sides was much better than usual, but it was not sufficiently good to account for the batting failures. Nervousness and the luck of the game may be made

to explain any oddities of cricket in general, and of the 'Varsity match in particular. The wicket was, no doubt, a little on the fiery side, and the ball wanted careful watching, but nobody played with any real confidence. Druce's 41 was far the most stylish innings, but it could not compare with any one of his previous displays, either for grace or freedom. It is always pleasant to see the two captains making runs, and Bardswell must have been especially glad, after his late failures, to do his part in raising the diminutive total.

The second day's play saw a very useful addition of 32 runs to the Oxford overnight score of 130 for 8, contributed by the two bowlers Cunliffe and Hartley, who proved singularly useful to their side in both departments of the game, in and out. It was anybody's match when Cambridge went in for the second time, but Burnup and Marriott put a different face on matters. Still, though they took the score to 114 before the second wicket fell, a kind of reaction followed, and when seven wickets went down for 191 Oxford prospects looked good. But as so often happens in this match, the Light Blues' tail proved unexpectedly powerful, and completely collared the tired bowlers, the innings eventually terminating for 336, or just 330 on.

When rain came down heavily in the early hours of Wednesday morning, it became as near certain as anything in cricket can be that the compilation of this score would prove a task beyond the powers of Oxford to accomplish. That this foreboding was fully justified the morning's play soon disclosed. Fane and Bardswell played good and careful cricket, and put up close on 50 runs for the first wicket, but the inevitable result of the sun's action on the damp ground came about shortly afterwards, and half the side were out under the hundred. By lunch-time seven wickets were down for 112, the match then being practically over. The remaining wickets did not offer any very prolonged resistance to the bowling, Cambridge eventually winning by 179 runs.

There is no game so dull to read about as lawn tennis; which, coupled with the fact that the game is only good when played by proficient, accounts for its comparative unpopularity. The finals of the championship last week were watched by a somewhat meagre crowd at Wimbledon, and not a vast concourse assembled to see England defeat Ireland. Yet the former at any rate was as well worth watching as any spectacle could well be. The match between Doherty and Baddeley was said by several authorities to have been an exhibition of the best tennis ever seen. "Better than Pym at his best," was the verdict on Doherty. Again and again he managed to pass Baddeley at the net by fast cross shots even from high bounding balls on the back line, a feat of which only those who have tried know the difficulty. The accuracy and neatness of his back-hand play was unsurpassable, and went a long way to win him and his brother success also in the doubles. Another factor, also not common, was the imperturbable serenity of the two brothers, however the game was going.

Although the show of the Shropshire and West Midlands Agricultural Society at Shrewsbury was the most important held in the county since the Royal some twelve years ago, the attendance was most disappointing. On the second day close on 5,000 less than was the case at Bridgnorth twelve months ago passed through the turnstiles. The magnificent haymaking weather—which kept many farmers in the fields—and the after effects of the Jubilee celebrations, no doubt accounted a good deal for this. The society is making a big bid for popularity, having secured a magnificent ground of close on twenty acres at Gravel Hill, close to the Severn. It is one of the most picturesque grounds in the kingdom, and the members may be congratulated on having secured it on very favourable terms for twenty-one years.

The International Championship Gala of the Life-Saving Society, held in the West India Dock on Saturday, was the most important affair of its kind ever held in England. The attendance, which included T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York, was immense, and the entry in the swimming and diving competitions included representatives from all parts of the world. In addition to the races, most interesting illustrations of the methods taught by the Life-Saving Society were given by no fewer than twenty-two teams of four each, under the direction of Mr. W. Henry, the hon. secretary of the society. The Mile Amateur Championship was the most important event, and this, after a stubborn race for 1,000 yards, resulted in the victory of J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, the Midland Counties' champion, in the slow time of 32min. 28.25sec., Tyers, winner in the four preceding years, being second, and the German champion, A. Toepfer, a fair third. Percy Cavill, of Australia, and J. H. Derbyshire, who quite recently beat Tyers in a 220 yards race, gave up when occupying prominent positions.

HIPPIAS.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

PRINCESS FRANCIS DE HATZFELDT is a much-admired lady, of American nationality, *née* Huntington, who in 1889 became the wife of Prince Francis de Hatzfeldt, only son of the Prince representative of that very ancient and highly aristocratic feudal house of upper Hesse. The marriage took place at the Oratory, and excited considerable interest in London Society at the time, owing to the beauty of the bride and the social position of the bridegroom. Both branches of the House of Hatzfeldt enjoy the privilege of entitling the eldest son "Prince."

HUNTERS AND POLO PONIES.

A GREAT show of hunters was that at the Royal, and some fine animals were exhibited. There was, however, nothing to come out and beat the old ones in the principal classes, Gendarme, Neasden, Nimrod, Scarlet, and Marion all holding their own. I was somewhat surprised to see Neasden placed in front of Gendarme for the championship, for if the latter did not make quite such a show as I have seen him, Neasden's manners are open to considerable improvement. In the three year old class the big useful Arab Chief turned the tables on Sequent, the London winner, and he seems to have a great future before him. In the two year old class I liked the blood-like, game-looking Rufus, who was reserved, better than anything in the prize-list. A horse with Newminster and Stockwell blood in his veins, the one from his sire and the other from his dam, and like growing into a fourteen-stone horse to look at, should carry fifteen stone over Leicestershire when he comes to age, and lose those pounds in front of him. He is rather backward yet, and that perhaps accounts for his position. A very promising youngster was Mr. John Letts' winning yearling filly by Touchwood, from that grand old show mare Coquette. As nearly "clean bred" as may be (Coquette's dam was the winner of steeple-chases) she should grow into a chaser with such blood in her veins.

Polo ponies were a novelty at the Royal, and I hope the section will be continued, for there is nothing more interesting at a show than classes of good polo ponies. And some of the classes were good, notably those for stallions and brood mares. Old Rosewater and Mootrub and Sentinel fought an old fight over again in the stallion class, and were placed in the order named. Rosewater is, perhaps, the best polo pony stallion we have had, but in many respects Mootrub runs him closely; I don't remember to have seen an Arab with better shoulders and back than the latter. The winning brood mare Oh My! is quite one of the right sort, and as one saw her with her charming foal, by Mootrub, alongside her, it was impossible not to express regret that such a mare should ever have been mated with a hackney. The second prize mare, Meath, is a little on the strong side, but is none the worse to like for that, and Shy Lass is quite one of the right sort.

In the class for polo ponies under 14h. 2in., Hard to Find won easily. He is a very handsome pony, and full of quality, fast and handy, and, I should think, a capital player. Mr. Tresham Gilbey's Jeanie, the winner in the class under 13h. 3in., is also a neat one.

The class for brood mares not exceeding 13h. 3in. and the young classes were spoiled by having so many hackney-bred ponies or ponies with hackney crosses in them. For a polo pony the hackney cross must be fatal. A polo pony is wanted to gallop fast, "turn round half-a-crown," and start at score again. A hackney can do none of these things, for it takes him a long time to start, and when he has been stopped, it takes him longer to start again. I should like to see a crack player on a hackney-bred pony in a fast game.

This, however, is a detail which will remedy itself when the Polo Pony Society has been a few more years in existence.

RED ROVER.

FROM THE PAVILION.

THEY made too many runs in the Yorkshire and Surrey match for the match to come to an end, but Surrey is to be congratulated on a very creditable draw, and Henderson, for whose benefit the match was given, on a very satisfactory financial result. It was a poor thing of Abel to run himself out when a draw was the main object of the innings, but it was a brilliant bit of fielding that sent him back. Baldwin's century was invaluable, and saved the situation for his side. Wainwright, by two excellent innings for the champion county, proved how success makes for success. Since his recent big score he has become greatly more dangerous. Richardson, who bowled most finely throughout, at length mastered him in both innings, but not before the Yorkshireman had taken some toll of him.

So Essex has at length been beaten, Lancashire getting the better of them, after a good match. With a century contributed by A. Ward, the northern county took a long lead on the second innings, and Essex broke up rather badly towards the end. Mr. Bull did not bowl quite his best, and Mr. Kortright did the best aggressive work for the losers, while Mr. Owen's Go not out in the first innings was by far the most respectable performance with the bat. Mold and Briggs both bowled well for the winners. Essex have done so well that they can afford to lose a match, though it is not to be said that fortune has favoured them specially.

It is a pleasure to see that Sussex is playing her county matches somewhere else than at the home ground at Brighton. The change will give an added interest, which was rather wanted, and a wider interest in cricket throughout the county, and the players are never likely to regret a visit to the beautiful Saffrons Ground at Eastbourne. It has its disadvantage—what ground has not?—that the trees around the ground make the ball difficult to watch off the bat for a catch in the out-field, and possibly make the light a little dim for batting in the evening. But the splendid elms have their compensations in the shade they afford the spectators and the beauty they lend the ground. For the rest, there is not a word to be said of "the Saffrons" that is not in the key of eulogy; and is not the splendidly fast ground at Brighton occasionally lacking in the quality of shaded light? Certainly it will be a delight to Eastbourne to see some of the county cricket played there, and Prince Ranjitsinhji did his best to make the spectacle attractive by scoring 129 in his most graceful style, and carrying out his bat. The scoring was slow throughout, though individual scores were large, but for Middlesex, whom Sussex here encountered, Mr. Ford was not playing, or the rate of scoring

might have been exhilarated. Still, there was Sir T. O'Brien, who seldom stands still doing nothing; but he only had one innings, and only scored 15 in that. Mr. Webb, again in the sterling form he has so often shown this season, made 71. Mr. Stoddart was disappointing. Has he not often been disappointing this year? And have we not noticed even before this that Mr. Stoddart does not seem to do himself any good by this perpetual cricket in England, Australia, England, West Indies, now England again, and soon Australia again? Perhaps it is Mr. Stoddart's own business, but we venture to think it something of a public matter.

Hampshire has won a match, but we are sorry to think it was at the expense of the Philadelphians, who, since their rather dramatic success against Sussex, have done little to reward them for their pluck in coming over and facing such enemies as they have sought out. It was rather rough on Barton that he won the match for the county when he was within seven runs of his century. In the first innings Major Spens played a fine innings of a century; but the county would be consistently stronger in its batting if Mr. Lacey played more regularly for it.

Surrey and Middlesex played a match to a fine finish earlier in the week. Again the former's victory was largely to Richardson's credit. Eighty-eight is a mighty small score for such a batting side as Middlesex has; and the extra ten that they wanted in order to win looked easily within their power when they went to the wicket.

The Winchester boys beat the Etonians fairly and squarely—there is no word of excuse to be said—but the match was played on a soft wicket, and the manner of Etonian batting has generally been found better adapted for a faster game. Given a hard wicket at Lord's, there is no reason for inferring, from their defeat by the Wykehamists, a similar result when they encounter the School on the Hill.

LONG-SLIP.

LAST WEEK'S POLO.

THE principal feature of last week's polo was the Inter-Regimental Tournament, at Hurlingham. This created its usual excitement, and the ground was each day thronged with a large and fashionable crowd, who took the keenest interest in the fortunes of the various regimental teams.

For the initial ties, which began on Monday, the 10th Hussars met the Royal Artillery. The former were represented by Mr. N. W. Curzon, Mr. S. L. Barry, Lord W. C. Bentinck, and Mr. J. Brand; whilst Captain Schofield, Captain Ferrar, Mr. Aldridge, and Captain Hanwell did battle for the Gunners. This was a very one-sided match throughout, the Hussars winning by 8 goals to the Woolwich team's 1. The Gunners pulled themselves together once or twice during the game, but the 10th were better mounted, and too strong for them all through.

The Blues and the Bays were the next to try conclusions, Messrs. Marjoribanks, R. Ward, E. Rose, and Captain Fitzgerald doing duty for the former, and Mr. W. R. Bindloss and Captains G. Whittle, W. H. Persse, and W. Kirk for the latter. Play was very even during the first period, both sides scoring once, but after this the Blues went right away, and left off with a score of 9 goals to 2. The Bays played a plucky uphill game. Captain Kirk's passing was very clever, while Mr. Bindloss played really good polo as No. 1; but their opponents were too strong for them, especially in ponies.

The best match of the day was that between the Inniskilling Dragoons and the 17th Lancers. The former never begin well, and true to their traditions, the first period saw them hustled and rattled all over the ground by the Lancers, who were playing in fine form. Before the bell rang, however, the Dragoons had pulled themselves together, and after some fine play on the part of Messrs. Fryer and Ansell, the latter scored. The second period was remarkable for some very good play on the part of Tilney, the Lancer back, in spite of which Messrs. Fryer and Ansell would not be denied, and the former scored twice. The Lancers played a beautiful game in the third round, during which Beauclerk scored for them, but for the rest of the game the Dragoons outstayed them. This was a really good game, both sides playing first-class polo. The winning team was composed as follows: Mr. F. A. Fryer, Mr. G. Ansell, Major Rimington, and Mr. Neil Haig.

On Tuesday the 1st Life Guards were down to meet the 15th Hussars. Both sides played their usual teams, and after a somewhat one-sided game, the Hussars were the winners by 7 goals to 1.

There was a very large attendance on Wednesday, when proceedings began with a match between the 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers. Captains Clifton Brown and Egerton Green have shown themselves a difficult pair to stop, and a close match was anticipated. This was quite fulfilled, though, after a fast, good game, the Hussars had the best of it by 6 goals to 2. Bentinck was as busy as usual for the 10th, for whom Brand also scored, whilst Hobson played brilliantly as No. 1 for the Lancers.

The Scots Greys, a very good team, played a great game against the Inniskillings, keeping their places, and backing each other up in fine form. Their opponents, however, were too good for them, and, after a hard-fought battle, they suffered defeat by 6 goals to 3.

The semi-finals took place on Friday, the Inniskillings being pitted against the 15th Hussars, and the 10th Hussars against the Blues. In the first of these two matches, the Dragoons were too good for the Hussars, and beat them by 4 goals to 1. The winners, for whom Major Rimington played in especially fine form throughout, had a great number of ponies on the ground; whilst the 15th played, among others, May Blossom, Bridget, a very good brown of Major de Crespigny's, and Captain Dundas's two good duns, Arab Chief and Pembroke.

The second match between the 10th Hussars and Blues produced a very stubbornly-fought-out battle between these two fast and well-mounted teams, and resulted in a well-earned victory for the 10th by 5 goals to 4. The Hussar team played some very good ponies, including such as Mr. Curzon's Jane; Mr. Barry's Red King; Lord William Bentinck's Kitten, Jewess, Yankee, and Seagull; and Mr. Brand's Dolly. Neither were the Horse Guards behindhand in this respect, Mr. Marjoribank's Myall and Dawn; Mr. Ward's Nimble and Bantam; Mr. E. Rose's Surprise, Lady Day, and Yellowman; and Captain Fitzgerald's Gimcrack, Irish Girl, and Ballet Girl, being all in the first class.

There was naturally a very large attendance at Hurlingham on Saturday to see the final played off between the 10th Hussars and the Inniskilling Dragoons. Both teams had shown fine form in their previous matches, and were well mounted, so that a close and exciting match was anticipated, though the Dragoons were generally expected to win. This they did, though only by the narrow margin of one point, the final score standing at 4 goals to 3 in their favour.

OUTPOST

THE QUEEN'S RETURN TO WINDSOR.

THE Royal progress through Slough, Eton, and Windsor on the afternoon of June 23rd was without doubt one of the prettiest scenes witnessed during the week of Jubilee festivities. Slough Station is especially adapted for a celebration of this kind, for not only is it well built and of modern construction, but it has a finer road approach than almost any other provincial station, the wide roads that lead up to it culminating in a gravelled yard of considerable dimensions. This fact seems to have been thoroughly appreciated by those responsible for the organisation of the function, for the decorations and arrangements were carried out in such a way as to show off the whole place to the greatest possible advantage. The platform of the station was covered with a handsome carpet, while the inside of the iron roof was entirely concealed by an awning of red, white, and blue striped damask. That part of the station through which the Queen had to pass to her carriage was converted into a spacious corridor, and was draped with red, and decorated with the choicest palms, flowers, and ferns, supplied from the well-known nursery gardens of Mr. Charles Turner. In the station yard were many stands, gay with flags and bunting, and crowded with sightseers of both sexes and all ages gathered together from different parts of the county. The pupils of the British Orphan Asylum, of which Her Majesty is a patron, occupied the most important of these, several of the others being reserved for the school children from the neighbouring parishes. Immediately around the fountain in the centre of the yard a most effective little platform was erected, decorated with a profusion of beautiful flowers, while flags floated from the tall Venetian masts at the four corners. It was here that the reception committee took up their position, and that the various addresses were presented.

A guard of honour of the 1st Bucks Rifle Volunteers, under Major H. G. Rew, was mounted in the yard, and near to them was a small detachment of Colonial troops, specially brought down from London to form a portion of the Queen's escort, of which the Royal Horse Guards formed the principal part in the ride to Windsor. The advance guard, the Royal Bucks Hussars, under the command of Colonel Lord Chesham, was also drawn up in line awaiting the Queen's arrival. This exceptionally smart regiment of yeomanry were so soldierly in their bearing, and so splendidly equipped, that throughout the

station at twenty-seven minutes past six, but to many of the eager crowd several minutes seemed to elapse before they caught sight of the Queen; in fact, one small child was heard to observe in an agitated tone to her mother, evidently speaking from past experience, "I believe the Queen has lost her ticket, and they won't let her through." When, however, Her Majesty was seen getting into her carriage, a landau, drawn by four magnificent greys, cheer after cheer burst out from the whole



Photo. by C. Hussey.

IN THE STATION YARD AT SLOUGH.

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assembly. The Empress Frederick sat on the left of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Connaught in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, facing her. The carriage drew up in front of the platform in the centre of the yard, where Lord Rothschild and the High Sheriff, Major Alexander Finlay, offered Her Majesty, on behalf of the county, its loyal welcome and congratulations, after which the Lord Lieutenant presented the following members of the reception committee to the Queen: Mr. H. W. Cripps, Q.C., Lord Cottesloe, Sir Robert Dashwood, Bart., Mr. Daniel Clarke, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, Mr. R. S. Charsley, Mr. G. P. Fisher, Mr. Tonman Mosley, Mr. J. Hartopp Nash, Captain C. C. Higgins, Mr. A. J. De Winton, Mr. H. A. Matthews, Mr. W. H. Pope, Mr. A. Turner, Mr. C. N. Lacy, Mr. E. J. Craske, and Mr. G. H. Charsley.

Mr. Cripps, Q.C., attired in full bottomed wig and robes, then presented to Her Majesty an address on behalf of the magistrates of Buckingham. After this an address of the members of the Buckinghamshire County Council, signed by Lord Cottesloe, was presented. The third and last of the addresses, which came from the Slough Urban District Council, was handed to Her Majesty by the chairman, Mr. R. S. Charsley. To each of these the Queen gave a gracious reply, in which she expressed her thanks for the loyal congratulations on the completion of the sixtieth year of her reign, adding, "It has been one of the pleasures and consolations of my life that I have received so many assurances of the dutiful regard and sympathy of my subjects who are my neighbours."

Three little girl pupils of the British Orphan Asylum then offered Her Majesty a beautiful bouquet, and as she graciously accepted it a ringing cheer burst from the stands close by, which had been reserved for their companions, that occupied by the girls being white with fluttering handkerchiefs.

The Royal procession then moved down Mackenzie Street, passing under a magnificent arch of Indian character, decorated with devices associated with that country. Every house and building in Slough which overlooked the route was decorated with flags and drapery, but of all these the famous Crown Hotel, so renowned in the old coaching days, and which can be seen in our illustration of High Street, attracted the greatest admiration. The whole of the front of the building was draped with green and amber, and all the window-boxes were filled with the most lovely plants. In the evening, when the whole of this was illuminated with small green fairy lamps, a very perfect artistic effect was produced.



Photo. by C. Hussey. A VIEW OF HIGH STREET, SLOUGH.

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day they were constantly being mistaken, by those unaware of the meaning of the distinctive silver facings, for regular cavalry. The variegated colours of the different uniforms contributed greatly to the gayness of the scene, and mixed well with the bright hues and delicate tints of the ladies' dresses. Lord Rothschild, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, was in uniform, as also were all the Deputy Lieutenants of the county, conspicuous amongst the latter being the tall, soldierly form of Sir Charles Pigott, Bart.

All was in readiness when the Royal train drew up in the

Observatory House, the historic home of the Herschels, from which building the present owner's grandfather discovered Uranus, was gay with flags and bunting; but the most prominent feature in the decorations was a large crystal star, some three feet in diameter, which glistened in the sunshine. It was the contemplation of all that had been achieved in this house that made Monsieur Arago remark of Slough, "It is the place in the world where there have been made the most discoveries. The name of the village will never perish. The sciences will transmit it religiously to our latest day."

A remarkably well-constructed Norman turret arch at the top of Arbour Hill acted as the boundary of the Slough decorations, and at the base of this and of the arch in Mackenzie Street were grouped gigantic ferns and palms, which were also contributed by Mr. Charles Turner, who was a member of the Reception Executive Committee. The fact that the arrangements throughout Slough were so admirably carried out in every way was, no doubt, mainly due to the personal interest taken in everything, and the careful supervision exercised, by the deputy-chairman, Mr. J. Hartopp Nash, and the hon. secretary, Mr. G. H. Charsley.

At the entrance to Eton a triumphal arch had been erected, which was so perfect an imitation of the rest of the college buildings that many strangers found it hard to believe

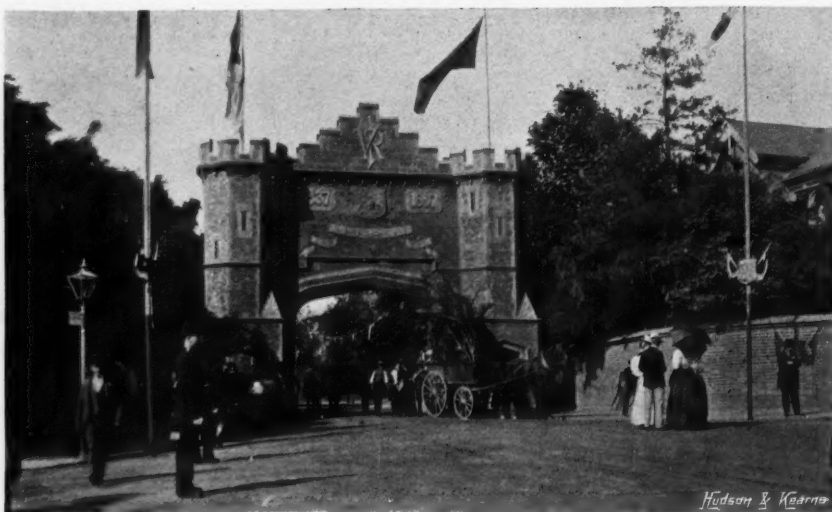


Photo. by C. Hussey.

THE ARCH ON ARBOUR HILL.

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that it was a building of a merely temporary character. Four Eton boys, caparisoned as Royal heralds, were stationed at this arch, so that immediately they caught sight of the Royal cavalcade approaching they might signify the news to the expectant assembly in college by blowing a fanfare, or, rather, by carrying out such a performance in dumb show, since what passed for the "blast of trumpets that they blew" was actually performed by certain trumpeters of the Horse Guards placed in concealment. These four heralds were Lord Vivian, who represented England; Lord Francis Scott, Scotland; L. Le Malone, Ireland; and H. M. Pryce-Jones as the representative of Wales.

Another good effect was accomplished by the construction of an arcade across the road from the New schools to the high and very ungainly-looking house now occupied by the Rev. H. Daman, but which is better known to old Etonians as "Wolley Dod's." The arcade broke up the extremely ugly lines of architecture so noticeable in the buildings of this quarter of Eton. The Eton Rifle Corps, some 400 strong, were drawn up in college on one side of the road, while opposite to them, grouped under the limes, the rest of the Collegers and Oppidans were arranged. Immediately in front of the volunteers, where it was arranged that the Queen's carriage should draw up, stood the head-master, Dr. Warre, and the Provost, Dr. Hornby, wearing the scarlet gowns of Doctors of Divinity. Next to them stood the captain of the school, Mr. C. H. Browning, and the captain of the Oppidans, Mr. F. H. Mitchell, both in Court dress, the Bursar, the Rev. W. A. Carter, the Vice-Provost, Mr. F. Warre Cornish, the lower master, Mr. E. C. Austen Leigh, and with him some members of the Eton Urban Council. On the opposite side of the roadway were four Eton boys of Indian nationality, dressed in their native costume, Raj Rajendra Narayan, eldest son of the reigning prince of Kuch Behar; Nawab Wali ud Deen and Nawab Mir Ekhrum Hussain, both of Hyderabad; and Kumar Shri Jareji, eldest son of the reigning prince of Gondal. This group, attired in brilliant colours, added greatly to the picturesque effect of the scene. Behind the wall were several stands dedicated to the use of ladies connected with the college, and visitors, but it should be clearly understood that these buildings were unique in construction, and lived up to their name in every respect, for those who occupied them were required to stand, there being no sitting accommodation. As these people took up their position two hours before the Queen's arrival, they must have been unfeignedly glad when the advance guard rode through, and the fanfare from the heralds indicated that Her Majesty had arrived. It has always been supposed that Eton boys are capable of cheering more lustily than anyone else, and it was therefore a considerable surprise

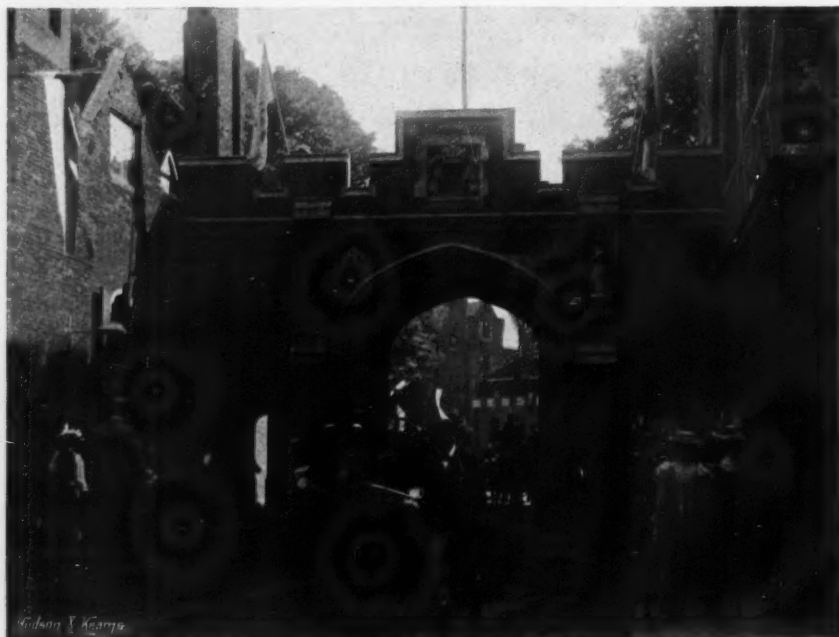


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THE ENTRANCE TO ETON.

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A VIEW IN COLLEGE.

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Photo, by Hills and Saunders,

A GRAND-MATERNAL GREETING.

Eton.

to the assembled company to find that not a sound came from them as the Queen's carriage drew up in their midst. The visitors cheered, but they were a very small party compared to the school contingent, of which the boys alone number over 1,000. It was not the latter's fault, however, as they were under orders to make no noise until the procession began to move away. It is questionable whether on occasions of this kind the best effects are not spoiled by regulations which have the effect of killing all spontaneity.

As soon as the carriage stopped the Provost presented an address on behalf of the Fellows and Masters, a reply to which was handed to Dr. Hornby by Princess Beatrice. Then the captain of the school presented an address on behalf of the boys, and Her Majesty smiled and bowed, adding a few words of thanks. The reply handed to Mr. C. A. Browning ran as follows:—"I thank you most heartily for your loyal address on the completion of the sixtieth year of my reign. I am deeply grateful to receive afresh from the scholars of this great college and school, among whom is included my dear grandson Prince Arthur of Connaught, such a warm expression of their traditional attachment to my throne and person."

Mr. E. C. Austen Leigh, as Chairman of the Eton Urban District Council, then offered an address on behalf of that body. This being over, and a reply given, the Queen spoke a few words with Dr. Warre, during which conversation, it is understood, she asked for an extra week's holiday for the boys this summer. The Duke of Connaught then



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BARN'SPOOL BRIDGE

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HIGH STREET. ETON.

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called the Queen's attention to the group of Indian boys on her left, and seeing his own son standing near to them he called him up to the carriage. The Queen held out her hand to the young prince, but he could scarcely reach it, and, unfortunately, was not able to act on the advice given him by his father to get up on the step, as this means of access did not exist. The Duke did his best to lift him up, but a very brief handshake with the Queen was all that Prince Arthur could achieve. The incident, however, seemed to amuse Her Majesty, who looked remarkably well and bright, and appeared in no way to have suffered from the fatigues of the previous day's festivities. As the carriage was moving off prolonged ringing cheers came from the boys, which proved a disturbing influence to the horse belonging to the Queen's private secretary, for it reared and plunged with great vigour as it was being held by one of the Queen's grooms, when Sir Arthur Bigge was trying to mount. His movements were slightly hampered by the miscellaneous packet of notes and papers he held in his hand, but possibly he caught sight of the look of anxiety which passed over the Queen's face at the fear that some of the boys might be kicked, for without any hesi-

tation he stuffed all the papers into his mouth, and nimbly vaulting into the saddle, was quickly on his way to Windsor in advance of the Royal carriages.

On Windsor Bridge Sir F. Dixon Hartland, having been presented to Her Majesty by the Earl of Kintore, handed her an address on behalf of the Thames Conservators. The Queen, in her reply, thanked them and trusted they would continue their "praiseworthy efforts for the security from the floods of the dwellers in the Thames Valley." Sir F. Dixon Hartland then presented Sir Augustus Elmslie, Alderman Huke, Mr. Charles Burt, J.P., Mr. Cecil Trevor, C.B., Mr. T. H. Idris, and Mr. J. H. Gough. This ceremonial being over, Lady Hartland next approached the carriage and offered the Queen a bouquet of roses and orchids, saying, "I hope your Majesty will accept these few flowers from our Sussex home." The Queen seemed immensely pleased with the gift, and thanking Lady Hartland very much, told her it was the most beautiful bouquet she had as yet received. The procession then passed under a most picturesque arch of antique character, constructed in perfect harmony with the Castle buildings, and on which were stationed five Beefeaters with their halberds. After driving up Windsor Hill, the carriage stopped exactly opposite the Queen's statue, and here a most striking scene was presented, for the vast concourse of people who were assembled to greet Her Majesty wore the gayest and brightest colours, all the men who took part in the ceremony being in uniform or levée dress. An address on behalf of the Mayor and reception committee was read by the Town Clerk, Mr. Philip Lovegrove, and a reply having been handed to him, Miss Long, the niece of the Mayor, presented a lovely bouquet of mauve orchids to Her Majesty. The Empress Frederick received another from Lady Wantage, and a third was given to Princess Henry of Battenberg by Mrs. Tress Barry, the wife of the M.P. for Windsor.

The following were then presented: Mr. George Henry Long, J.P., Baron Schröder, Mr. George Henry Peters, J.P., Mr. J. T. Barry, M.P., Mr. J. P. Carter, Alderman Brown, Mr. A. H. Thornton, Mr. T. G. Dyson, the Dean of Windsor, Sir



Photo. Hussey. TRIUMPHAL ARCH ON WINDSOR BRIDGE. Copyright—"C.L."

Henry Simpson, the Rev. J. H. Ellison, the Rev. Canon Gee, the Rev. R. Errington, the Rev. J. Shephard, the Rev. J. Aubrey, Mr. E. C. Durant, and Mr. F. Simmons. A choir of picked voices, consisting of choristers of St. George's Chapel and Eton College, and members of the Windsor and Eton Choral Society, sang two verses of the National Anthem, conducted by Sir Walter Parratt, who was dressed in the robes of a Doctor of Music.

After this the full band of the Coldstream Guards took up the air, and the Royal procession moved off, a mighty cheer rending the air, which was continued until Her Majesty's carriage had passed out of sight through the gates to the Long Walk, up the broad drive to the principal entrance to the Castle.

CYCLING NOTES.

WE are threatened with an invasion of American cycles. It is not the first, and we have no reason to be afraid of it. Rather we have reason to be grateful for the bicycles that Columbia sends us. Not that they are really superior to our home made articles—America has sacrificed too much to lightness in the past, and our bones have been jolted badly on some of the American machines—but they come over cheaply. That in itself is a good point, and it has the indirect advantage of bringing down the prices of our own makers, some of which are high enough as it is.

Surely there is a good deal of nonsense about the "list prices" that appear in the makers' catalogues. There scarcely exists a man so simple as to pay these prices, one would imagine; at least, it has never yet been the writer's fate to meet a cyclist, even of the most amateurish kind, who has not some invaluable secret that he will tell you—"though he oughtn't to," as he will say—about the way he got his cycle, and a way in which you, too, might possibly be fortunate enough to get one. He happens to be a friend of "Old So-and-so," who has some connection with the cycle trade, and through him he has obtained his bicycle at an enormous reduction in price. A question or two more will elicit that this merely means a big reduction from the listed price, and generally it turns out to be just the same price as anyone who went to the shop would have paid if he had given cash. Occasionally, perhaps, some simple-minded person goes to a shop and pays, without question, the sum that the list demands, and thus the cycle makers may be justified of their wisdom. A fuller justification is perhaps to be found in the hold it gives them over those who are conspicuously unpunctual in their payments and keep them out of the interest of their money. Eventually, no doubt, they get on terms with these dilatory ones by exacting the full listed price. In any case, the cycle makers may probably be trusted to know their own business best.

Some very good machines can be cheaply bought from working mechanics, who have started business on their own account in buying the principal parts of cycles and putting them together. One might be sceptical of their ability to purchase really good materials, but the result of one or two experiments has convinced the writer that in those instances that have come under his notice, machines thus constructed by a mechanic have been well put together and compounded of sound materials. The mechanic is able to get his profit out of selling a machine considerably under the price that the cycle making firms would charge for one of the same grade. But to be sure of a machine thus compounded it needs, no doubt, to have a knowledge of your mechanic.

The shifts and devices to which men resort in order to get a good cycle cheap are legion. The Isthmian Library volume on Cycling has a chapter of instructions, teaching the amateur how to make his own bicycle. The instruction that one would be inclined to give under this head to most amateurs of one's acquaintance would be to present the cycle thus amateurly constructed to a friend—or, better, an enemy. But no doubt there are amateur Tubal Cains to whom the Isthmian teaching may be of service.

Again there are certain clubs—racing clubs principally—whose members have the right of getting certain firms' cycles at a reduction, the said clubs standing to the said firms almost in the relation in which "tied houses" stand to certain breweries. A friend of the writer's, just beginning cycling, at that period and in the very wobbly stage of his existence, when the bicycle is apt to shy at a passing cart, joined one of these clubs for the special purpose of buying a cycle at the reduced rate. Together with a notice of his election, the secretary of the club sent him a note begging him to state in writing (for handicapping purposes presumably) his quickest time for one mile, ten miles, and one hundred miles respectively. To which my friend's answer was that he had once ridden five miles in a day—so small a fraction of time as an hour did not enter into his computations. Nevertheless, it is to be presumed that he had established his right to the cheapened cycle—as well as to the very favourable consideration of the handicapping committee. But he has not even yet won any of the club races.

"Another way," and, undoubtedly, the simplest, is to parade the streets or the parks, without undue ostentation, and when you see a bicycle standing by itself to mount it and ride off without bothering the owner by saying anything to him of your intention. It is a thousand chances to one that even if you should happen to meet him again when you are riding it he will not recognise it, and even if he does you will naturally have taken such slight measures to alter it as will prevent his pursuing his recognition to a proof that would hold ground in the law courts. A deal of business in quietly picking up cheap cycles is to be done in this way. Riders are so very careless. There are ways in which they can make their bicycles fairly safe, but they are seldom troubled to adopt them. A chain and padlock is tolerably efficacious, but there are such things as clippers that will sever a slight chain at a single bite. If the rider has a bolt on his or her cycle to lock the front wheel—and has been at the slight pains of snicking it—it is difficult for you to ride off with the machine in this easy fashion, for the front wheel, of course, will not steer. Quite recently a patentee has invented a detachable handle-bar, and the removal of this will certainly add to your trouble in "conveying"—as "the wise it call"—the cycle. You would need to be extraordinarily adept in the art of steering without hands to trust yourself in traffic on an unknown machine without a handle-bar, to say nothing of the added risk of identification incurred by riding such a remarkable headless horse. This particular handle-bar has the merit of being made hollow, for the reception of the pump and other necessary sundries. Nevertheless, folks are very careless, and in spite of the most ingeniously simple contrivances for preventing the "conveyance" of their machines they will continue to leave them unprotected in circumstances that are a positive temptation to an active "conveyancer."

When you are mounted on a bicycle, with the clearest of roads in front of you, you might be inclined to suppose that you had a fair chance of distancing any pursuit on foot, but, from what one reads in the police reports, this is by no means the case, and one of the greatest boons that cycling has given the

country is the remarkable activity it seems to have produced in our police constables. I have before me at this moment the account of a police report, of which the substance is as follows: "The accused were riding at the rate of certainly not less than eighteen miles an hour. I" ("I" being the yokel policeman) "ran after them and apprehended them both." This is certainly a true statement, for it was delivered in a court of law; and it shows a wonderful increase of speed in the normally rather heavy-hoofed local "bobby." But with such sons of Achilles as the guardians of the peace, what cycle snatcher can hope to ride away in safety?

The annotator of these notes has lately been enduring a cycle tour in Wales. Endurance, of the most Spartan quality, is the only disposition of mind in which to face it. Wales, over its greater part, is the most startling country for the bicyclist yet discovered. It leaves one with the general impression that no single hundred yards of the whole Principality is level, while here and there you come, without warning, on hills of such gradient that scarcely any creature with less adhesive power than a fly could go safely down them even on foot. And the surfaces of the roads are just on a par, for cycling purposes, with the

gradients—stony and holey beyond description. The Ilig'lan Is of Scotland are a perfect holiday in comparison, according to the testimony of the old couplet:—

"If you'd seen this road before it was made,
You'd bless the name of General Wade."

It is true enough that these military roads of General Wade, referred to in the above Hibernian-sounding verse, are themselves rough, unrideable, worthy of Wales; but on the majority of the Highland roads you are well able to bestow plenty of blessing. That, however, is scarcely your disposition towards the Welsh highways, still less towards her byeways. But for beauty even Highland Scotland herself cannot beat her, whether for the grand majesty of her mountain landscape or the sylvan loveliness of her river scenery. It is a country that well repays the labour of seeing it—only, the cyclist should be a good pedestrian as well. A maxim to go cycling with in Wales is, "Never put your feet up till you can see the bottom of the hill." You never know what surprises the road may have in store for you. But, after all, this is a maxim that need not be kept strictly for use in the Principality.

A WORCESTERSHIRE BEACON.

THE accompanying illustration is of one of the bonfires erected throughout the country for illumination on the night of the Jubilee. The view is taken on the Worcestershire Beacon, the highest point in the county. From this



Photo. Thompson, A JUBILEE BONFIRE.

Copyright.

spot thirteen separate counties may be seen on a clear day in favourable weather; therefore it was a very suitable spot for the

erection of one of the "flame fires" lighted on Commemoration Night in honour of Queen Victoria's most illustrious reign.

The Beacon is celebrated as being one of the hills on which the many signal fires were lit which gave notice of the approach of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and is referred to by Lord Macaulay in the following lines:—

"For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head;
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each Southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

And on and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill;
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales,
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the flaming sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the pile that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

It is interesting to know the dimensions and material of this bonfire. It was composed of old broad-gauge sleepers—recently taken up from the Great Western Railway—securely clamped together, square foot intervals being allowed between each sleeper. In the crevices faggots were placed, and an iron drain-pipe ran up the centre of the whole structure—which was 60ft. high—to ensure perfect draught. Round the base more faggots, brushwood, and old beams were piled up, the base extending fully 70ft. in diameter. The contents of four large tanks of oil were used for the purpose of saturating the material and ensuring the ready firing of the beacon.

YACHTS AND THEIR FLAGS.

THE question of vessels being able to communicate with one another, or with the shore, when out of speaking distance has always been one of some importance; but it was not until 1855 that any successful endeavour was made to draw up an international code of signals. On the 2nd of July in that year a committee was appointed "to inquire into and report upon the subject of a code of signals to be used at sea." The outcome of their deliberations was the present "Signal Book," which was first published in April, 1857.

It was ascertained that 20,000 distinct signals must be provided by the Code, and it must also be capable of designating 50,000 ships, with power of extension. To do this it was found by the aid of permutations that eighteen flags were necessary, as never more than four were to be hoisted at the same time. Although the flags are named after eighteen of the letters of the alphabet, they are never used for spelling words in the ordinary way. In fact, this would be impossible, as the vowels are omitted. The flags, on the other hand, are used as signs, and are hoisted from two to four at a time (the two-flag hoists being kept for danger and urgency signals), to indicate different words, sentences, letters, or numbers.

Some time ago a committee was appointed to consider the International Code of Signals, and in their report they advise the present number of flags being augmented by eight; this will of course mean that the number of signals will be able to be enormously increased. It would be interesting to know what the new flags are to represent, whether it will be the remaining letters of the alphabet, including the vowels, or some numerals; perhaps it will be a combination of both. Anyhow it can scarcely fail to make the Code slower in operation; whilst, if vowels are introduced, some confusion would be likely to arise, as words

would then be able to be spelt, and, furthermore, many of the letters that would then represent words would in themselves constitute words in the course of the permutations of the letters of the alphabet. This again could scarcely fail to be confusing. Nothing, however, could be done in the way of changing the Code without an international conference of some kind.

The great advantage of the present Code is that it can be explained to and used by anyone in a few minutes, and does not require to be learnt like the semaphore, or the Morse system of signalling, and as it has been adopted by practically all the maritime Powers, it has the additional advantage of being able to be used when speaking to a foreign ship, or to a signal station in a foreign country. The chief disadvantage is that it is a very slow method of signalling, especially where suitable sentences cannot be found in the book, or where many names of persons have to be signalled; for in the latter case the spelling code has to be used, which often means that several four-flag hoists must be employed before each individual name can be spelt. Another disadvantage is that it cannot be brought into operation unless both parties using it have a signal book and a set of flags. On the other hand, when once the semaphore has been learnt, anyone having the use of their two arms can signal, if required, without any further assistance, although for long distance signalling two small flags are best.

The semaphore system of signalling has been in use for a much longer time than many suppose. It was used at the beginning of the present century, in the penal settlements of Australia, for the purpose of reporting the escape of convicts. The plan then employed was to have semaphores fixed on the tops of the hills along the coast, so that when it was reported that a convict had escaped, the news was instantly signalled

from one station to another, and in this way the poor wretch was usually brought back, or, if not, he generally died of starvation in the bush.

The semaphore is the quickest means of signalling at sea now in use, and at the same time it is much easier to learn than the Morse Code, which is more generally used for military work. Anyone of fair intelligence could learn to make the letters of the semaphore with accuracy and celerity in the course of a couple of days, whilst a week's practice would be required before it could be read when made at an average pace.

All the coastguards along our shores have to make themselves thoroughly proficient in all kinds of signalling, including the semaphore, and of course all ships of the Royal Navy carry signalmen; consequently there are many occasions when the semaphore can be of the utmost advantage to yachtsmen, and more especially to the owners of small vessels. Very few, however, take the trouble to learn this mode of signalling, or have among their crew a man acquainted with the Code.

Many of the smaller yachts go to sea without having the International Code of Signals on board, and consequently they have no means of communicating with the shore when out of speaking distance. If anything goes wrong on board one of these craft, such as some part of the steering gear breaking, or the vessel striking on a rock or a sunken wreck, those on board cannot signal to the people on shore and tell them what has happened.

As, however, there are coastguard stations along all our shores within short distances of one another, the chances are that the attention of the coastguards could be attracted, then, if the International Code was not on board, by the aid of the semaphore their help could be obtained in a short time, or they could be told to communicate with the lifeboat people, as occasion might require. There are numberless small instances, as well, when the owner of a yacht would find that much time and trouble would be saved if he and one of his men understood the semaphore, for he then would be able to give instructions from the shore, when required, to those on board. This would be particularly useful to the possessors of small yachts, for these craft are very often anchored just outside hailing distance. Some of the owners of the small raters have recognised this, and several are now acquainted with the semaphore Code.

It has already been said that the International Code is seldom carried on board small yachts, and even when it is, the working of it would not be easy if there was much sea running at the time it was required. For the signal book and flags would have to be brought on deck, and would probably be soon drenched with water, whilst, if it was blowing hard, and the



Photo. by West and Son,

MENEEN.

Southsea.

vessel was rolling much, it would be a difficult matter to select and hoist the flags quickly. On the other hand, all that would be required would be to attract attention by one of the recognised signals of distress, such as hoisting a square flag with a ball, or anything resembling a ball, either above or below it; then in a few minutes the nature of the accident and the assistance required could be signalled with the aid of two little semaphore flags, and in an equally short space of time an answer could be received.

The value of the International Code, as far as its simplicity and its universal adaptability are concerned, cannot be over-estimated, but, at the same time, if yacht owners would more generally make themselves acquainted with the semaphore, they would find that it would be a very useful addition to their means of signalling, and often effect the saving of vexatious delays.

In the current number of COUNTRY LIFE will be found illustrations of the Erl King, Meneen, and Vie. The ERL KING was built in 1894 for Major A. H. Davis, by Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson, Limited, of Leith, from designs of Mr. St. Clare Byrne. She has a length of 180ft., with 26ft. 2in. beam, and draws 13ft. 6in. of water, whilst she measures 568 tons (yacht measurement), and has a registered tonnage of 183.83. She is schooner rigged, with yards on the foremast, and she is also fitted with powerful triple expansion engines. The saloon and cabins are luxuriously upholstered, and the panelling of the deck house and vestibule is done in the choicest hard woods, highly polished. She is fitted in every way to ensure the greatest comfort on long foreign cruises, and a full installation of electric light is also provided. On a speed trial, which took place soon after she was launched, she easily attained the speed of 12.91 knots.

The MENEEN was built in 1893 by the well-known American firm of Herreshoff, for Mr. A. Hardie Jackson, who brought her over here in the same year and raced her with great success, winning over fifty prizes. During the next season she also proved herself to be the fastest of the 24-raters, and in the following year she was sold to Mr. De Faye, of Jersey, who raced her but little in English waters. In 1896 she again changed hands, and became the property of her present owner, Mr. H. Johnson, who succeeded in winning with her last season some fifteen prizes, to the value of £30. This season she is again being raced on the Solent in the 30ft. linear rating class, and has been successful, so far, in winning a few prizes, despite her age.

Mr. F. J. Robinson is the owner of the 18ft. linear rater VIE, which was built by Messrs. Luke and Son, of Hamble, near Southampton, from designs of Mr. W. G. Luke. She is undoubtedly a good hard weather boat, and this season she has already secured several first prizes.

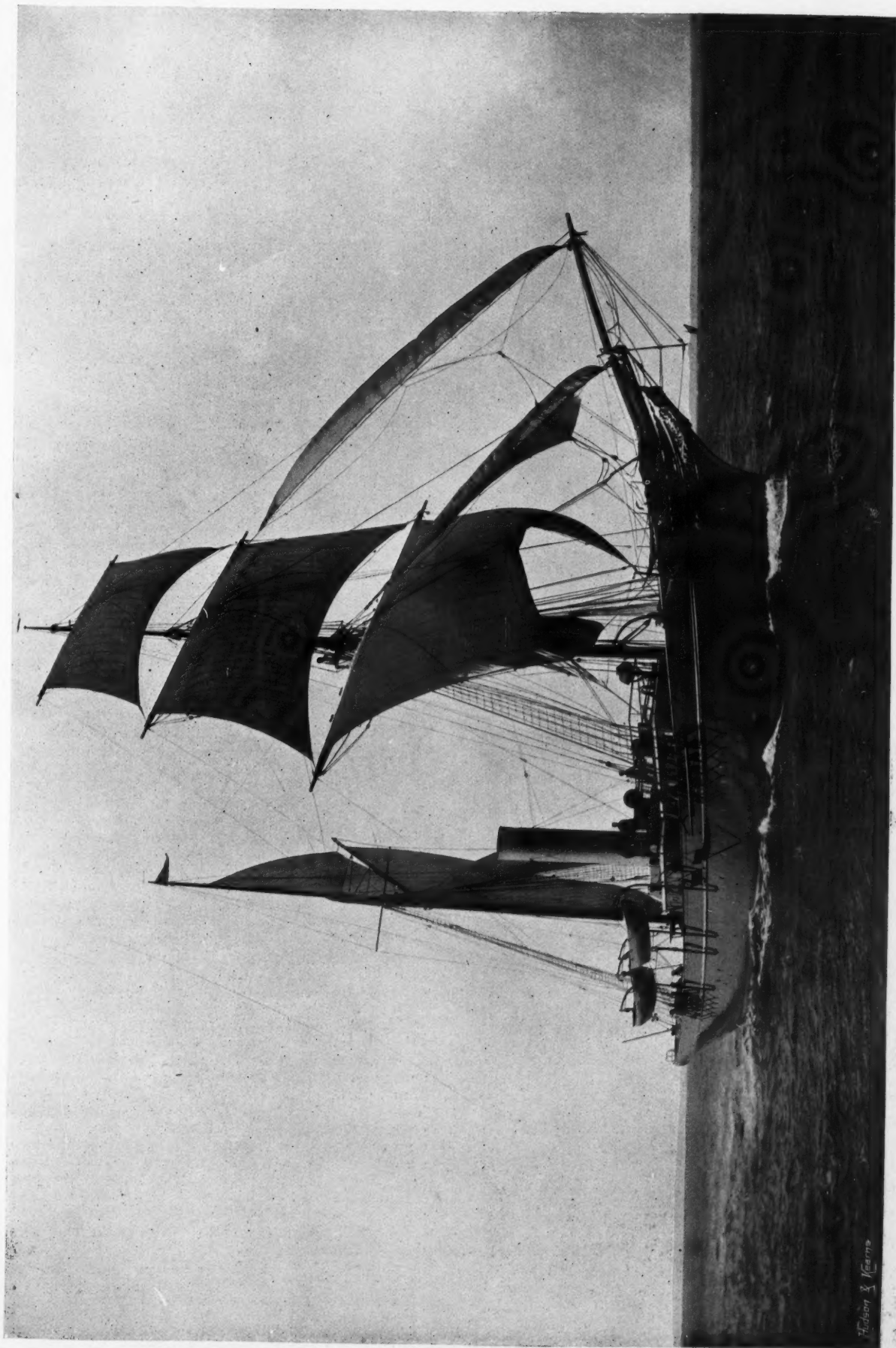
SEAMEW.



Photo. by West and Son,

VIE

Southsea.



Southern.

THE ERL KING.

Photo. by West and Son,

Hobson & Co.

COUNTRY HOMES: CAWDOR CASTLE.

THE temptation is great, in writing of Cawdor Castle, to cast back the mind to the unholy figure of that gloomy thane of Glamis, Macbeth, the son of Sinel, whom the weird sisters, with diabolic suggestiveness, promoted to the thaneship of Cawdor, as a sort of earnest of the greater things that should follow upon the greeting, "All hail! Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter." "I have done the deed! didst thou hear a noise?" seems appropriate to this bewitched and bewitching spot, though, truth to tell, the foul act belonged to far more shadowy times than these stout walls reach back to. The result of pricking onward the vaulting ambition of a weakling with such uncanny counsels would form the subject of a moral homily, but this shall not be offered to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Moreover, the stout four-post bedstead, in which Duncan "slept," is there no more to tempt the credulity of such as would handle, with pious veneration, the fabulous "teapot of Shakespeare." There is a pleasant fiction that King Duncan met his end in the old chamber of the tower at Cawdor, and the tale is told with a smile. But we need not plunge into that shadowy age of witchcraft and myth in order to understand the character of the fine old Scottish dwelling which is depicted in these pages. The peaty burn rushing down its rocky channel beneath the lofty wall, the drawbridge still remaining with its chains, the gun facing the intruder, and the great tower with its angle turrets, bespeak the house as a place of bygone times, happily retaining its character in these. Strange as it may seem, the castle owes a good deal to neglect. If it had not lain long years in remote solitude, ere modern men had gained the keen zest for Highland life and mountain air, or had discovered the

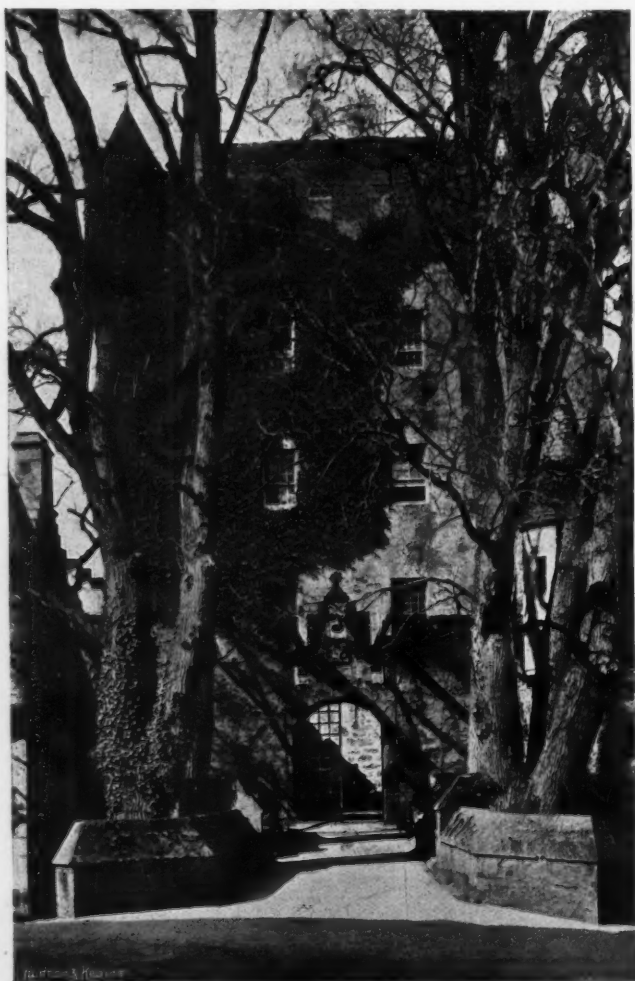


THE DINING ROOM.

special beauty of Strathnairn, it might have been changed, little by little, until it stood well neither for the new nor the old. But, as fortune had it, the castle remained with its loneliness seldom disturbed after the death of Sir Hugh Campbell, in 1716, for nearly 150 years, while his descendants were living in Wales, until Earl Cawdor restored it carefully, preserving, with admirable taste, the aspect and character of the eld.

Cawdor Castle is a place about which romance might readily be woven, and there is an odd mystical story of its foundation which must be recounted. The thane who founded it was greatly exercised in his mind as to where he should take up his abode, but, consulting a wise woman, was instructed to place his worldly wealth upon the back of an ass, in an iron chest, and, wherever the animal should halt, to set about his work. The ass came to a standstill by the russet burn, at the third hawthorn from the starting point, and there truly, in the dungeon beneath the tower, a hawthorn strangely grows. The thane in question seems to have been William, who played his part in suppressing the great rebellion of the Douglasses, and was styled by the Scottish king "dilectus familiaris scutifer noster." His granddaughter Muriel became heiress of Cawdor, but would have been cheated of her due by himself and her uncles, if she had not married, in 1510, at the age of twelve, a man of might, in the person of Sir John Campbell, younger son of the Earl of Argyll, whom the proudest in the Highlands did not disdain to serve as "his leal men and true." Muriel's grandson, another Sir John, by plotting to gain power over the young Earl of Argyll, aroused the enmity of Campbell, of Ardkinglass, who, after long endeavouring to practise witchcraft upon him, took the more practical means of hiring a couple of needy wretches, who shot him with a hagbut from the window of the house of Kneppoch, in Lorne, in 1591. His son married the daughter of Black Sir Duncan Campbell, of Glenorchy, but things did not go well with him, and he sold "all and sundrie my mowabill guidis, timmer warke, and other plenisching" at Cawdor to his second son, Colin, who subsequently inherited the place. Colin, who was one of the abolishers of bishops, built largely at Cawdor about the year 1640, and much of the north side of the house seems to belong to his time. In the days of Sir Hugh Campbell, who lived until 1716, we gain a vivid picture of the Scottish life of the time. There are notes existing of directions for preserving deer, rabbits, and blackcocks, and purchasing "moorfowl and tarmachans" from Badenoch and Strathspey—can grouse have been scarce then on the Cawdor hills?—of the young ladies beginning to drink tea, and learn the virginals and the viol di gamba, of books in the library for their diversion, such as "Balm from Gilead" and "Sighs from Hell."

After Sir Hugh Campbell's death, though some planting was done by his successor, Cawdor saw little of the Campbells for much more than a hundred years, for they married Welsh heiresses and lived much in the Principality. Thus it is that the quaint old place retains the simple character it has possessed for centuries, that the old drawbridge is still there, and that the gardens are so charmingly old-fashioned. Scarcely anything, indeed, has been changed, and the castle is valued by its noble owner as such a monument of former times deserves to be. The wood is richer than in Sir Hugh Campbell's time, for the plantations have thickened, and the brown burn pours down its rocky bed through some of the finest forest scenery in Scotland. It is



THE DRAWBRIDGE.



COUNTRY HOMES: CAWDOR CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

a bright and bracing air, and the blood runs quicker up there among the heather. The castle is no longer surrounded by a half-starved peasantry, as in earlier times, for farming has been developed, and a happy and contented population thrives in the vicinity.

It is a pleasant experience to pass through the ivy-grown archway and reach the drawbridge by green lawns, shadowed by noble trees. There is a little court below the tower with a descent on either hand into others. Something beautiful or picturesque, suggestive of former days, is to be found in nearly every chamber. The dining-room is a rather low, handsomely-ceiled room, panelled with oak, and adorned with the quaintest tapestry, having, besides, deeply-set windows, and a carved mantel with the Campbell arms, the motto "Be mindful," the

initials "M.C.," and the date 1510, though the work is not of those times. Then there is the great kitchen, with enormously thick walls, a prodigious fireplace, and olden "plenishing." The dungeon, too, is to be visited, with its hawthorn, and the tower must be ascended to King Duncan's room, from which there is a charming outlook, or higher still to the window from which Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was lowered in Jacobite days, to escape for a time, but ultimately to lose his head on the scaffold. The drawing-room, too, is a beautiful apartment, hung with fine tapestry, filled with flowers in the summer time and with great logs crackling on its hearth when the winds of winter blow. All about are woods threaded by deep glens, the heather on the hills, and farm land below, forming an appropriate environment for the grey old walls of Cawdor.

JOHN LEYLAND.

CRICKET; THE ETON AND WINCHESTER MATCH.

IT was on the historic playing fields of Eton "whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among, wanders the hoary Thames along his silver winding way," that the annual cricket match between Eton and Winchester took place this year.

Lord's and the Oval, Trent Bridge or Bramall Lane, are, beyond question, excellent places for cricket when taken seriously, county cricket that is, but for that most interesting of all second-class play, public school cricket, there is no place in England to be found like this beautiful ground, engirt, as it is, with a background of fine old chestnut trees and elms.

The Eton and Winchester match, though not the Society function that Eton *v.* Harrow at Lord's has grown into, is yet an event of considerable importance in the school life both of Wykehamists and Etonians.

this year's match, but, as so often happens in uncertain weather, they had very hard luck, and when the last Eton wicket went down Winchester were the winners by 51 runs. The Wykehamists, although a fairly strong batting side, were considered to be particularly weak in bowling. But in this respect they proved unexpectedly formidable. Stevens, who had done little or nothing in school matches this term, greatly distinguished himself by taking three wickets in the first innings for 25 runs, and eight in the second for 38. Joy, who played in 1895, and was not considered good enough to play in the eleven last year, also came off, taking five wickets. On the first innings there was little or nothing to choose between the teams. In fact, the match was anybody's. In the earlier part of the innings it appeared probable that Eton would not make 50 runs. Never-



Photo. by C. Hussey.

A CRITICAL STAGE OF THE GAME.

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In the old days, some forty years back, at a time when public school authorities had not the same sensible regard for the out of door training in the playing fields which at every first-class school now forms as much a part of the curriculum as acquaintance with the opinions and observations of Cicero and Ovid, Winchester, who used annually to meet first Eton and then Harrow at Lord's in the first week of the summer holidays, were refused leave to play there again.

Hence it came about that the match, on its revival, after falling into abeyance for a year or two, was instituted as an annual fixture, to be played one year at one school and one year at the other. Last year Eton went to Winchester and met unexpected defeat. This year Winchester came to Eton and secured an equally unexpected victory.

Before play began Eton were decidedly the favourites for

theless, they managed to equal their opponents' score, and, indeed, to head it by the narrow margin of four runs. In the second innings, under more favourable conditions, Winchester made a much better start, and when stumps were drawn on the evening of the first day's play, the dark blues had put together 114 runs, with eight wickets still to fall.

Rain fell on the Friday evening, and next morning the weather was so unfavourable that it was impossible to resume play until an hour after the appointed time. The state of the wicket speedily had an effect on the efforts of the Winchester batsmen, as their remaining eight wickets only produced 63 runs.

Just before one o'clock, Eton went in for the second time, to get 174 to win. Under ordinary circumstances this would not have been a great task for so useful a batting side, but the effect of the strong sun upon the wicket soon told its tale, and half-an-hour's



Photo. by C. Hussey.

THE LAST MAN IN.

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play sufficed to practically seal their fate. The wicket just suited Stevens, who bowled with startling effect. He got rid of Marsham with the total at 4, and then bowled Pilkington, probably the best bat on the side, for a "duck" with a fine ball. In a very brief space of time eight of the Etonians had been sent back to the pavilion for the poor total of 75 runs, while so great had been the havoc wrought by Stevens that the whole eight wickets had been bowled by him, and on six

occasions he had hit the sticks. When the ninth wicket fell for 82 the end appeared to be near at hand, but a plucky stand by Roberts and Browning somewhat retrieved the position, for the two defied all the efforts which were made to separate them until 40 had been added. Still, it availed little in the actual result, for with Roberts's dismissal the venture closed for 122, and Winchester won the match, for the second year in succession, as stated before, by 51 runs. The full score is given below.



Photo. by C. Hussey.

ROUND THE BOUNDARY.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

WINCHESTER.				ETON.			
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.		1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
E. B. Noel, c Browning, b Tryon . . .	3	c Browning, b Roberts . . .	51	R. Lubbock, c Reynolds, b Stevens . . .	5	b Stevens . . .	3
E. O. Lewin, c Marsham, b Tryon . . .	2	c and b Roberts . . .	46	C. H. B. Marsham, c Noel, b Joy . . .	15	c Gillett, b Stevens . . .	3
J. L. Stow, b Penn . . .	22	c and b Mitchell . . .	19	H. C. Pilkington, b Joy . . .	3	b Stevens . . .	0
R. A. Williams, c Browning, b Roberts . . .	18	lbw, b Legard . . .	21	R. Johnson, c and b Joy . . .	0	c and b Stevens . . .	21
R. S. Darling, c and b Roberts . . .	0	c Browning, b Roberts . . .	1	A. D. Legard (capt.), b Stevens . . .	1	b Stevens . . .	22
A. B. Reynolds (capt.), lbw, b Tryon . . .	3	lbw, b Mitchell . . .	0	F. H. Mitchell, b Joy . . .	1	b Stevens . . .	7
H. V. Gillett, b Roberts . . .	19	c Browning, b Roberts . . .	7	E. F. Penn, c Darling, b Hunter . . .	24	b Stevens . . .	0
S. N. Mackenzie, not out . . .	9	b Tryon . . .	13	G. Roberts, c and b Stevens . . .	0	b Noel . . .	25
R. C. Hunter, lbw, b Roberts . . .	2	c Marsham, b Tryon . . .	5	Hon. W. G. Cadogan, not out . . .	16	b Stevens . . .	2
L. M. Stevens, b Roberts . . .	4	b Tryon . . .	6	G. L. Tryon, b Joy . . .	1	b Williams . . .	2
F. D. H. Joy, c Tryon, b Roberts . . .	0	not out . . .	0	C. H. Browning, b Hunter . . .	12	not out . . .	25
Byes . . .	3	Byes 6, lb 2 . . .	8	Byes 6, lb 2, w 1, nb 2 . . .	11	Byes 10, nb 2 . . .	12
Total . . .	85	Total . . .	177	Total . . .	89	Total . . .	122

MR. E. S. WOODIWISS'S DACHSHUNDS.



Photo. by T. Fall,

HILL PLACE, UPMINSTER.

Baker Street.

IF any gentleman fancier has attained the height of his ambition in the way of pre-eminence in his favourite variety, such a one is Mr. Sydney Woodiwiss, of Hill Place, Upminster. A lover of live stock all his life, Mr. Woodiwiss is never so happy as when down at his pretty place in Essex, where most of his pets are kept, and nothing affords him more genuine satisfaction than introducing a *débutant* of more than average quality, or showing a fellow breeder round his home farm. It has been said, and truly too, that the four sons of the late Sir A. Woodiwiss could between them guarantee the

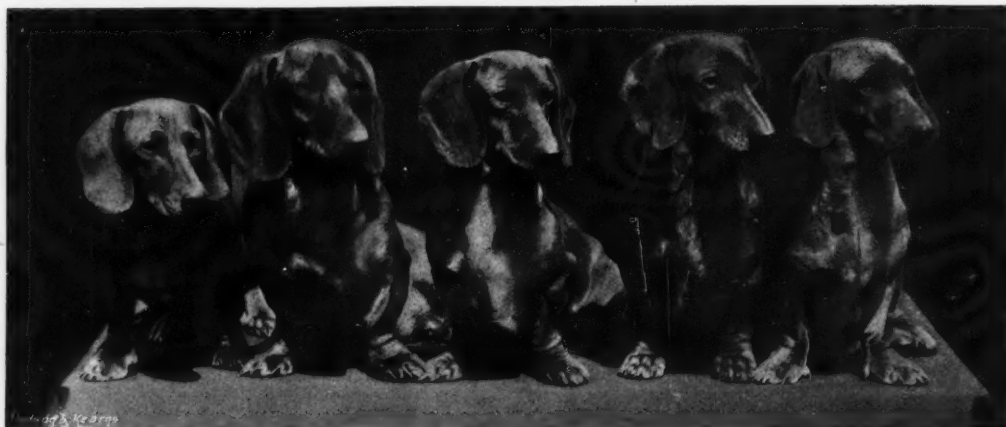


Photo. by T. Fall,

RED DACHSHUNDS.

Baker Street.



Photo. by T. Fall,

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Baker Street.

classes of almost any ordinary show of live stock. In fact, I very much question if a similar show could be made by any other half-dozen fanciers in the country. Apart from their farming proclivities—for each has an inclination that way, town life being quite foreign to their nature—all have pet fancies.

Mr. G. Woodiwiss is as popular in municipal circles at Bath, where he has been Mayor, as he assuredly is as president of the Bath Fanciers' Society; whilst Mr. I. N. Woodiwiss, of Duffield, Derby, has gained more than local renown as a breeder of Schipperkes.

In southern Bulldog circles, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss is quite supreme, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Sydney Woodiwiss, whose charming residence at Upminster is the subject of this article, has, with his friend and ally, Mr. Harry Jones, of Ipswich, placed the

Dachshund in its present firm position in this country. Dogs of the drawing-room type find no place in the Upminster kennels, and many a lively story is told by Mr. Woodiwiss of the exploits of poor old Pterodactyl—now alas! no more—and his progeny. A story, already told in *COUNTRY LIFE*, but well worth reproduction, for it proves the intense affection existing between Mr. Woodiwiss and his dogs, is that of Ptero's conduct during his master's absence in America, when on a visit to the New York show some two or three years ago. For days after the departure of Mr. Woodiwiss, Ptero was inconsolable. He wandered about the house and grounds day and night, refusing to be comforted. At length he found a suit of his master's clothes, and there he stayed, refusing all temptation to move, until the return of Mr. Woodiwiss. Poor old dog! He died some months ago, leaving behind sons and daughters, who will, as long as the quaint little German badger dog receives classification at English shows, keep his memory green.

One of his best sons is **CHAMPION WISEACRE**, a winner of close on fifty prizes in the very best company, and only at the leading shows under Kennel Club rules. Others are Dapple



Photo. by T. Fall,

ROUGH BASSET AND DACHSHUNDS.

Baker Street.

Dan, a most promising youngster a little over twelve months old, Weevil, and more puppies, as yet unknown to fame. The docility of the inmates of Mr. Woodiwiss's kennels is apparent on looking at the lovely pictures taken by our photographer. All are at attention, especially in the group, which includes Waffle, Wildfire, Walwin, Wiseacre, and White Rose, all pillars of the variety in this country. Mr. Woodiwiss has worked hard and long to attain his present position, and although the successes of his

Kerry cattle at such a show as the Royal, lately held at Manchester, were gratifying, there is but little doubt that the high character of his team of Dachshunds has afforded him more personal pleasure than any other record of his live stock. A gentleman with leisure and ample means, Mr. Woodiwiss is ever ready to promote the interest of any club or society formed for the advancement of live stock, and his name is a very familiar one in the subscription list of many struggling societies. As a fancier he is most widely respected, and of late his services as judge of his favourite variety have been in great request. This fact accounts for the absence of his famous team from many of this year's shows.

BIRKDALE.



Photo. by T. Fall,

CHAMPION WISEACRE.

Baker Street.

BOAT SAILING ON THE UPPER THAMES.

EVEN as holy Mecca is the spot to which turns the heart of every true believer, so is the fine reach at Bourne End, and its yearly sailing regatta, the first place, and the function dearest, to the thought of every up-river sailor.

That his boat may be swift and weatherly, and his crew and himself quick, handy, and smart, so that they may jointly make a good record during the week, is the principal end and aim of his year's labours. And so keen has the racing become, so much a science, that none but those who know can appreciate the endless care and attention required before anyone can hope to be successful among the fleet of white sails that meet there.

And it is quite certain that comparatively few persons know what an extremely pretty sight that white-winged fleet makes on the broad basin of water that lies in the curve between the hills of Berks and Buckinghamshire. Else more would be there

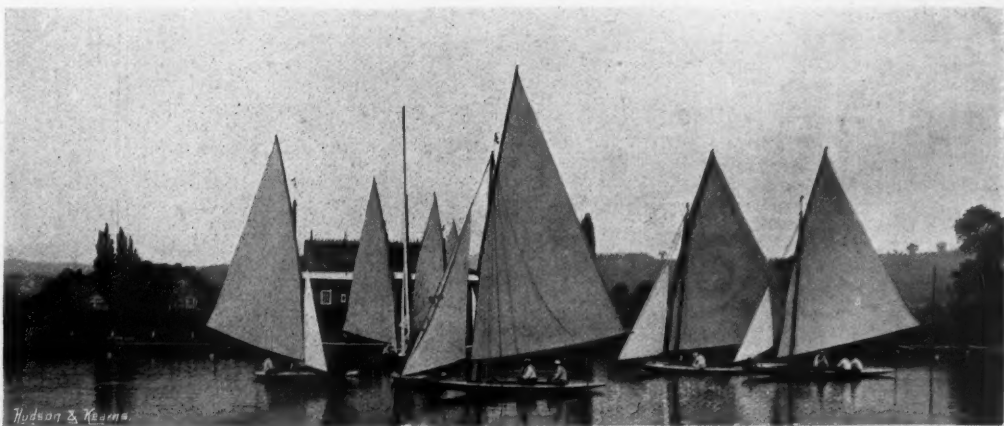


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE QUEEN'S CUP; GETTING READY.

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to see. The headquarters of the meeting are at the handsome club house of the Upper Thames Sailing Club (of which H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is president, its commodore and leading spirit being Colonel Fitzroy Clayton). This is situate some

three miles below Marlow, and ten minutes' walk, perhaps, from the Bourne End Station on the Great Western Railway.

Here assemble boats from all the clubs that are affiliated to, and legislated for, by the Sailing Boat Association, which consists of recognised sailing clubs on the River Thames between Oxford and Teddington, and of such other clubs sailing on non-tidal waters as may be willing to conform to the rules laid down.

Wonderful craft they are that sail under these rules; ugly, some of them, so far as hull is concerned, but handy and fast all of them, and all handsome with the wide spread of stretching canvas carefully set to catch every air. And the truth of the saying that the useful and the beautiful are one is once more proved by the fact that the handsomest boat of this year's fleet—namely, the Iona, belonging to and sailed by Mr. T. Foster Knowles—was also the best all-round boat there. Next,

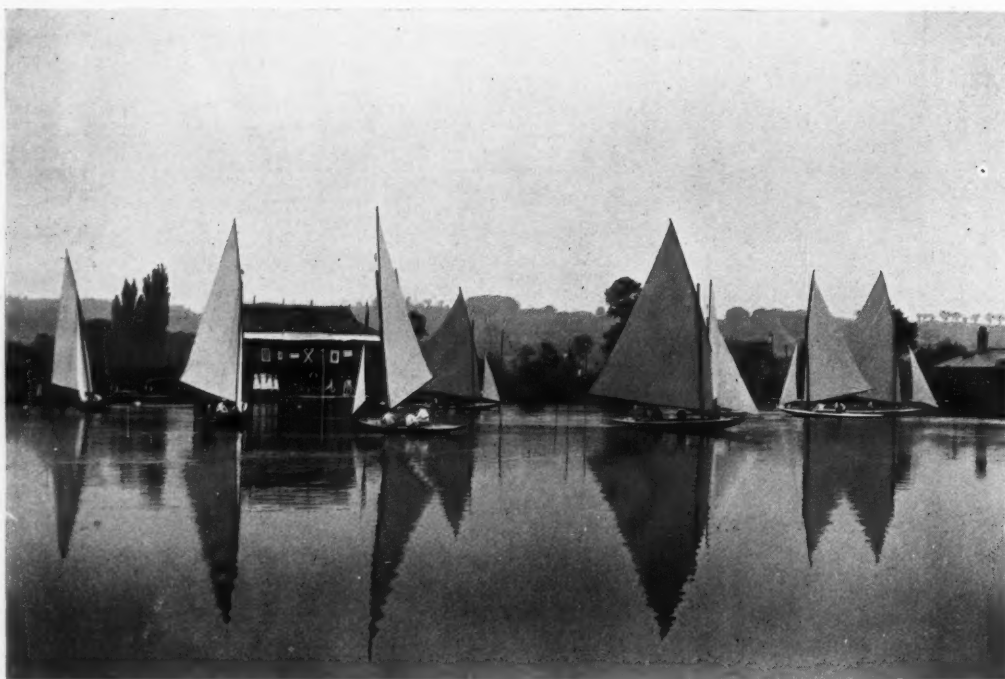


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

WAITING FOR THE GUN.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE START.

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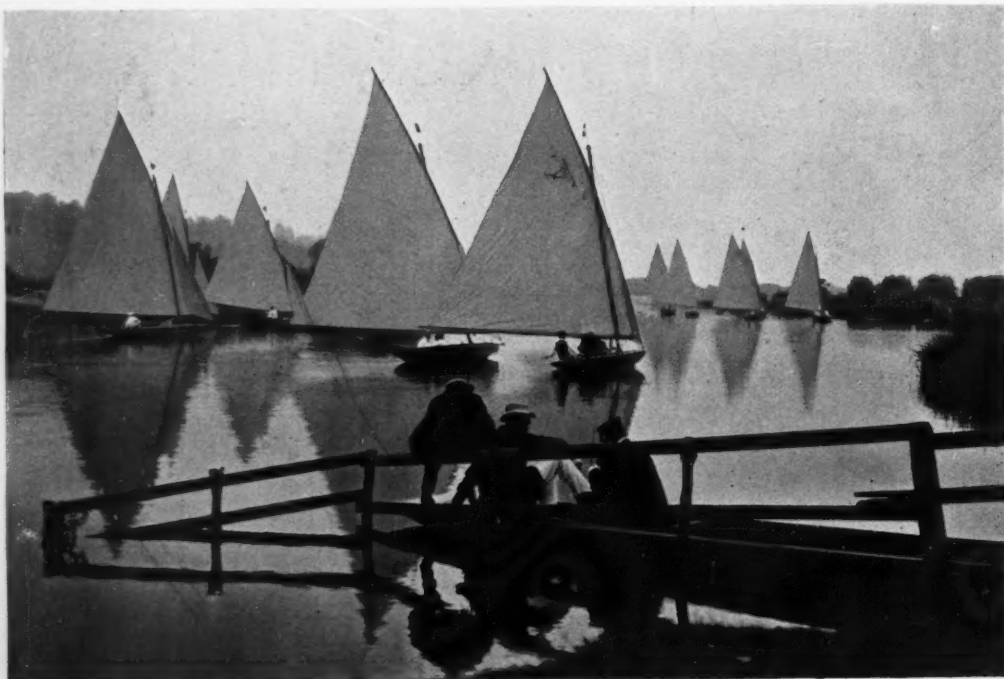


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

FIRST TIME ROUND.

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perhaps, to her in grace of line came Checkmate, Dream, and Mayfly, but with the exception of the latter craft, which, well sailed, picked up a number of second and third prizes, they cannot be said to be fast.

Not so good as Iona, from an all-round point of view, in anything like a hard blow, there has been no boat at this meeting for the last two years that could tackle Caprice II., the joint property of Messrs. Marsden and Jackson. While, such mysterious things are boats, and so wonderful the ways of the combined action of wind and water, that there seems a certain strength of the former in which the Tiger Cat, belonging to Mr. C. T. Ricardo, is invincible, in proof of which we have only to look at her performance in the 1st Class Match of the Thames Sailing Club on the Thursday afternoon, when she finished six minutes ahead of one of the largest entries of the week.

The two principal races of the week are, of course, those for the Challenge Cup, presented by Her Majesty the Queen, and the Thames Champion Cup, presented, in celebration of the first of Her Majesty's Jubilees, by the Thames Sailing Club. Of these, the latter was sailed for on Wednesday, the 23rd ult., and won by Mr. Paul Waterlow's Atalanta II. Not by any means a good all-round boat, she carries, and carries well, an enormous spread of canvas, consequently, she is hard to beat in a dead light air, when lines do not tell, and she acquired a lead in the early part of the race that enabled her to save her time on Caprice and Iona, both of which boats led her home at the conclusion of the race, when the breeze had piped up a bit. Nevertheless, the win was a

popular one, both on Mr. Waterlow's account, and that of the Tamesis Club, for which his boat sailed.

In the event of the week, the race for the Queen's Challenge Cup, which was put down for 2.30 p.m. on the Friday afternoon, the behaviour of the weather and wind must have caused much tribulation to the Bourne End Week committee.

With a fine entry of eleven boats—quite as many as can comfortably find room round the buoys—the race was started in the lightest of easterly airs. And here we may note that our illustrations are of the various incidents and situations of this the race voided by time, and not the adjourned race of the Saturday morning. Slight as was the breeze, the boats looked very handsome as they went over the line and spread away up the reach; and before the top buoy was reached they had got pretty far apart, *Atalanta II.*, with her low rating and big sail area, having, perhaps, the advantage; but the first half of the match was merely drifting, not sailing. About half-way through the race the wind got a little more force into it, and immediately *Iona* came to the front, hopes reviving that she would be able to finish, although even then it was patent that the second and third boats could not be in before the time limit of 6 p.m. was reached.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

NURSING.

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house made a bit of a lee now and then at the lower mark, and after *Iona* had got through that and run nearly to the upper mark, as ill luck would have it, the wind came a little more off the Berks shore, and that picturesque but fatal bank of elms that stands some two hundred yards below the upper mark stayed *Iona's* way again, while the precious seconds ran out, so that though presently she got round the top buoy, and with a better breeze began to turn down, she did not reach the winning mark until five minutes too late.

Everyone's sympathy was with her owner, while he, like the true sportsman he is, took the matter more philosophically than anyone else, and was first to acknowledge the necessity of adherence to the rule that deprived him of a justly-earned prize. For, to everyone's regret, Saturday morning brought with it a hard breeze from N.N.E., making the course a true one, and it was not long before *Caprice* led out in grand style, and won a well-sailed race, in which *Iona* was second, and *Tiger Cat* third. Therefore *Iona's* owner has not this year the coveted trophy in his charge; but he has the knowledge, of which his reception at



Photo. by Rouch.

ATALANTA TACKING.

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Patiently and well was *Iona* handled, advantage being taken of every puff and waft of air, so that on the finish of the fifth round it really looked as if she had the prize, or reasonable hope thereof. Spectators were speculators also, eagerly watching every flicker of wind in the flags, trees, and reeds, but the club

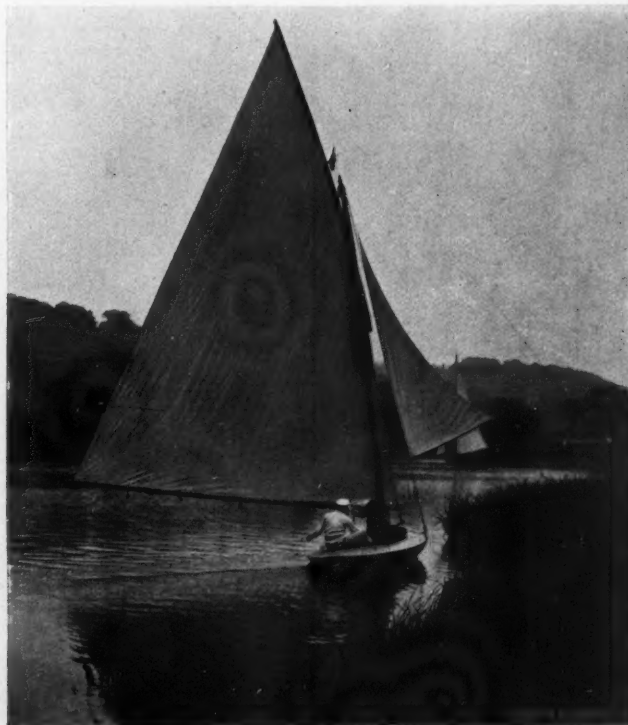


Photo. by Rouch.

CHECKMATE.

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the lunch—so kindly provided for the visitors—must have convinced him, that his generous and good-natured behaviour was fully appreciated by everyone.

Perhaps this feeling caused a little injustice to the boat that did win, *i.e.*, Caprice II., for she passed the finishing buoy with

little greeting. Yet she had done but what every boat was trying to do—win most fairly and honestly a well-sailed race. That course, which the leading boats could not cover in three and a-half hours on the Friday afternoon, was finished in two hours, or little over, on the Saturday morning.

A CONTRAST IN HORSEFLESH.

THE curious contrast in horseflesh depicted in our illustration was to be seen at the last Crystal Palace Horse Show, where possibly the most massive animal of her class in the shape of a Shire mare, belonging to the Prince of Wales, was placed in juxtaposition to unquestionably the smallest representative of the equine tribe in existence—a little Shetland colt foal. The expression is often made use of about some very small pony, "no bigger than a dog," which statement could probably be proved true in nine cases out of ten, if only it were possible to find the right dog at the time against which to measure the pony. For Great Danes and St. Bernards are nowadays bred to such colossal proportions that a pony even ten hands high—and there are plenty of these about—might well come under such a definition.

The Shetland foal that appears in our picture stood little more than twenty inches high on the day that the portrait was taken—in fact, no taller than many foxhounds—while the height of the Shire mare is said to be nearly seventeen and a-half hands. The immensely greater size of the mare will be the more readily appreciated when it is noticed how much further back in the picture she is standing than the tiny little animal in the foreground.

Not many weeks back a picture appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of a very small Shetland pony belonging to the granddaughter of Mr. John Porter, of Kingsclere, but that pony, small as it was, would make three or four of the little colt in our illustration. It has not been possible to obtain particulars as to the exact age of the foal at the date he was photographed, but it was understood that he was nearly two months old on the day that his picture was taken.

It is interesting to consider the causes that have operated to bring about the astounding disproportion in size between these two animals, and it is certainly comical to speculate on what fifty years hence may be the relative sizes of the descendants of Shire horses and Shetland ponies if the same proportionate rate of increase and decrease in their respective stature that has been arrived at by careful breeding during the past half century is kept up in the two breeds during the next. The displacement

of elephants and lapdogs from their respective spheres of usefulness by the equine race would then not be altogether outside the bounds of possibility.



Photo. Negretti and Zambra.

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SHIRE MARE AND SHETLAND FOAL.

THE LATEST AUSTRALIAN IMPORTATION.

NEWHAVEN, the winner of the last Victorian Derby and Melbourne Cup, has arrived in England. The career of the crack Australian four year old on the English

turf will be followed with interest, both in this country and in the land of his birth, by all those who concern themselves with horse-racing.

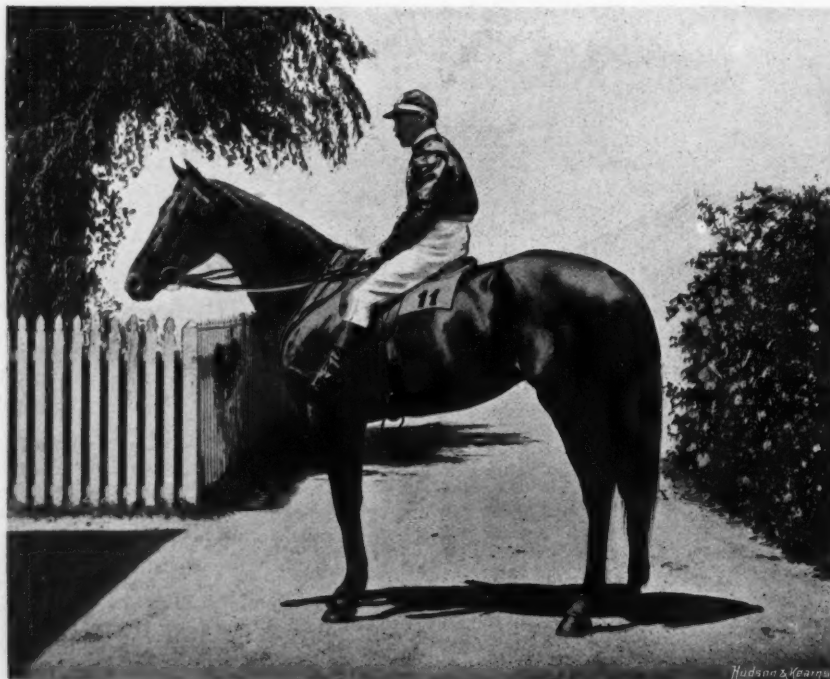


Photo. by F. E. Murphy,

NEWHAVEN.

Bourke St., Melbourne.

The Newhaven of last September and November was the most brilliant three year old ever seen in Australia; and if he could always be relied upon to reproduce that running he would be able to encounter the best English form with a fair chance of success. His Melbourne Cup was a most extraordinary performance. Weighted at 7st. 13lb., as a three year old, he led almost from end to end, and won the race by six lengths. The time was a quarter of a second slower than the record made by Carbine, but there was no barrier in 1890, so that really Newhaven's time was better than that made by Mr. Wallace's champion, besides which Newhaven made nearly all the running. That Newhaven's performance was better than Carbine's need not be argued. But it was, nevertheless, the best ever accomplished in the race by a three year old, just as Carbine's was far and away the best ever credited to an old horse. Newhaven, if he had not started after winning the great double event, and his other races in the spring, would have come to England with the reputation of being the best three year old Australia has ever produced. Unfortunately, however, his subsequent performances have shown him to be an in-and-out customer, liable to run well one day and badly the next. There was a genuine excuse for his failure in the V.R.C. St. Leger, because a fall on the training ground ten days before the race had kept him idle for a few days at a critical time. With a few extra gallops he was able to win a very ordinary

Champion Race, and he galloped Resolute and Warpaint to a standstill in the Loch Plate. There was, however, nothing in these two wins to call to mind the peerless Newhaven of the spring.

Then came Sydney. He won the St. Leger there easily, but still he did not gallop in anything like his spring form. The All-Aged Stakes was run under peculiar circumstances. It was raining heavily. Newhaven evinced a decided dislike to go to the post, and in the race he simply declined to gallop, being beaten off the whole way. The weather was the only excuse that could be advanced for him. It was certainly very disagreeable, "but," says a writer in the *Australasian*, "a genuine champion of the Carbine kind would never have been disconcerted by a shower of rain in his face." Aurum, a little later, ran under precisely similar circumstances, and notwithstanding a 14lb. penalty, won his race in grand style. Newhaven's trainer asserts that as far as condition went Newhaven was never better than in the All-Aged Stakes. Most other people were inclined

to think the horse must have gone off. The last day of the meeting decided the matter in Walter Hickenbotham's favour, as Newhaven won the three mile race very easily. This was not a genuine race, as Newhaven's opponents let him canter in front for nearly two miles, when he strode away, and was never caught. There is plenty of room for speculation as to what his career in England may be. Thoroughly acclimatised, he should, if he thrives under his altered circumstances, treat English racing men to an occasional brilliant performance. "We hope," says the same writer further on, "that he will never disgust them with a repetition of his All-Aged Stakes running, but we are afraid there is a considerable risk of his doing so. He is the fastest horse ever sent out of Australia to race, but if we may judge by his running, both this season and last, he lacks the consistency which goes hand in hand with a real champion. Carbine was beaten several times, but only once in forty-three starts did he ever run a bad race, and then his foot split, and he pulled up lame."

NEWMARKET: THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S STAKES.

THE Princess of Wales's Stakes, the first of the three annual "ten thousand pounders," was run last week at Newmarket for the fourth year in succession. There was, of course, no such interest and excitement in connection with this year's contest as there was in 1896 at the meeting of Persimmon and St. Frusquin, for there was no such "class" among the competitors as was represented twelve months back by the two celebrated sons of St. Simon. At the same time, the absence of Persimmon from the nominations imparted an openness to the contest which must otherwise have been lacking. The majority of the runners were more or less fancied. The result of the Royal Hunt Cup had raised strong hopes of Knight of the Thistle repeating the triumph of Isinglass, and others reckoned to have good chances were Labrador and Roquebrune. The three year olds included Velasquez, Vesuvian, and Goletta, and if the last-named filly had the worst of the weights, she, like Knight of the Thistle, Labrador, and Vesuvian, was able to boast of a success at Ascot. Towards midday the sun began to break through, and with a breeze springing up, a nice summer afternoon seemed in store. In fact, by the time the Apprentices' Plate had been



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE CLUB STAND.

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disposed of, the temperature was almost as high as on the previous day. The company showed some increase, if not to any very great extent, while the going was none the worse for the wear of the two previous days. The Apprentices' Plate opened proceedings at two o'clock, and of the eleven engaged, nine went to the post. Farouche ran fast to the foot of the hill, and the issue was thence confined to Windham and Rigmarole, of whom the former, who once had the worst of the race, got home by a neck. A party of seven next turned out for the Selling Plate confined to two year olds. At the outset the favourites were Poirade and the Helen Ware filly. All of a sudden, however, there was a rush upon Cri de Guerre, and with money pouring in from all sides, she gradually reached 6 to 4. This filly, who had started a hot favourite when beaten a long way from Oldcastle at Liverpool in the spring, now sailed home a decisive winner, and was sold for 680 guineas, after a sharp competition with Sam Darling.

The next event was the Princess of Wales's Stakes, for which there were nine runners. With the exception of Lowly all the competitors were on view in the paddock. The Kingsclere stable supplied three candidates, and although no declaration had been made between Labrador and Regret, the jockey of the latter carried a distinguishing black belt. In parading past the stand, Velasquez led the way from Goletta, Roquebrune, and Knight of the Thistle, with Mimic dividing them from Vesuvian, Labrador, and Regret. Betting had been carried on throughout the afternoon, and with



Photo. by W. A. Rouch. INSTRUCTIONS TO PARADE.

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Velasquez always favourite, his backers had every reason to be satisfied with the condition in which Walters turned him out. The winner of the Royal Hunt Cup, Knight of the Thistle—quite the local tip—settled down in second demand, with little to choose between Labrador and Vesuvian, first one and then the other of this pair claiming a fractional preference. For Roquebrune nobody had a good word, and thus she drifted, step by step, until 100 to 7 was laid, in far better demand being Goletta, who, as at Ascot, was ridden by Kempton Cannon. But for a little display of temper on the part of Lowly there would have been no waiting, and when the flag fell Regret, in the interests of Labrador, forced the pace in the centre of the course. He began to roll about before reaching the corner of the plantation, and when he left Goletta and Velasquez in the van they were travelling much better than Vesuvian, Labra-

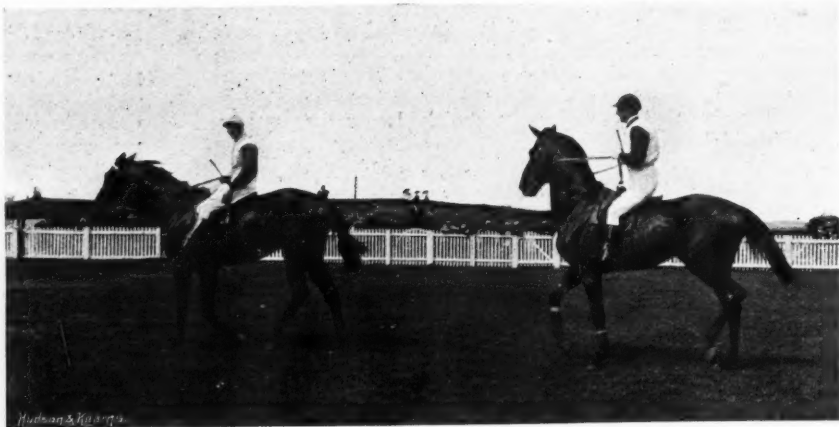


Photo. Rouch.

KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE AND MIMIC.

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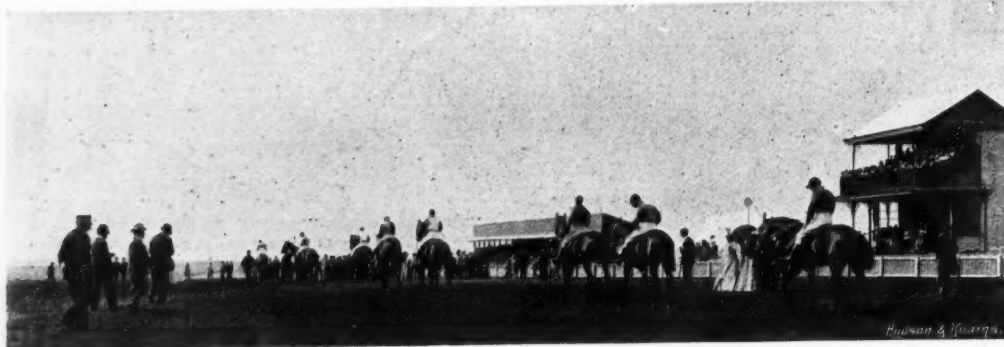


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THE PARADE.

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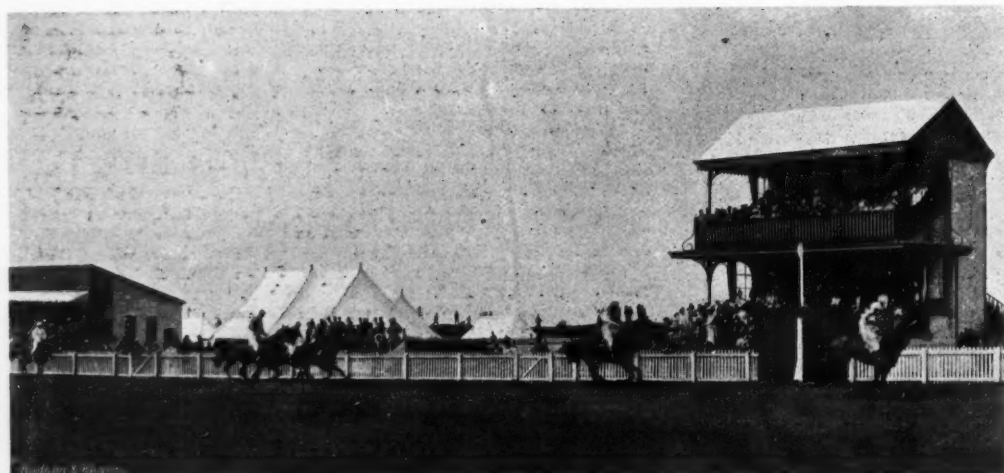


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE FINISH.

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Rouch. VELASQUEZ RETURNING TO SCALE. Copyright.

dor, and Knight of the Thistle. Velasquez had the better turn of speed, and although Goletta gave one of her best performances, she could not hold him as they came out of the dip. Knight of the Thistle was more at home coming up the hill, and, in a couple of hundred yards, he had closed up with Velasquez, reducing the lead of the latter to half a length. But when Watts called upon Velasquez Lord Rosebery's colt made immediate response, and drawing away, won in gallant style by a couple of lengths. Goletta was beaten just about as far from Knight of the Thistle, with Vesuvian fourth, Labrador fifth, and the others widely scattered. The result was received with much cheering.

I cannot agree with those who seem to think that this victory proves Velasquez able to stay a mile, or that it makes him out any better a horse than his Newmarket and Epsom running seemed to indicate. He looked a lot better than he ever has before this year, I admit, and he may be a bit better in himself, but I cannot see that beating the four year old Knight of the Thistle, at 6lb. for the year, is anything to boast about. We saw by their Ascot running that the Hunt Cup winner is about 28lb. behind Victor Wild, and as through Kilcock it is known that Galtee More is only a few pounds behind Mr. Worton's champion, it seems to me to be very much the Derby form over again. The only one of the nine runners that I thought had any chance of beating Lord Rosebery's speedy colt was Roquebrune, if in her best form, which, from her light appearance in the paddock, and her starting price of 100 to 7, it was evident that she was not. I was amused, too, by hearing people say that Velasquez would not stay up the hill, since I have never seen a horse more built to get uphill than he is.

The following is the official account of the race:—

The PRINCESS OF WALES'S STAKES of 10,000 sovs., of which the second received 1,000 sovs., and the third 500 sovs.; the nominator of the winner 400 sovs., and the nominator of the second 200; weight for age, etc.; by subscription of 110 sovs. each. B.M. (one mile).

Lord Rosebery's b. c. VELASQUEZ, by Donovan—Vista, 3yrs., 8st. 13lb. Watts	1
Mr. H. McCalmont's br. c. KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE, 4yrs., 9st. 5lb. Calder	2
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. GOLETTA, 3yrs., 8st. 13lb. K. Cannon	3
Sir Frederic Johns' one's b. c. VESUVIAN, 3yrs., 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon	4
Duke of Westminster's LABRADOR, 4yrs., 9st. 8lb. Colling	5
Earl Cadogan's LOWLY, 3yrs., 7st. 13lb. Wood	6
Sir James Miller's ROQUEBRUNE, 4yrs., 9st. 8lb. S. Loates	7
Duke of Westminster's REGRET, 4yrs., 9st. 11lb. Moreton	8
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's MIMIC, 4yrs., 9st. 5lb. Allsopp	9

BETTING:—85 to 40 agst Velasquez, 100 to 30 Knight of the Thistle, 9 to 2 Vesuvian, 6 to 1 Labrador, 100 to 7 Roquebrune, 100 to 6 Goletta, 20 to 1 Lowly, 100 to 1 Mimic, 100 to 1 Regret (o).

Won by a couple of lengths; twice as far between second and third. Time by Benson's chronograph, win. 42 3-5sec. Value of stakes, £8,190.

RACING NOTES.

ONE is always sure of good sport at Hurst Park, and we had plenty of it on Saturday last, when an attractive card, a pleasant summer afternoon, a large and representative attendance, and good racing all combined to make a most successful gathering. The principal event was the Duchess of York Stakes, of 1,000 sovs., and it is worth noticing that of the nine runners who went to the post three were bred in America and one in Australia. The latter of these was "Mr. Jersey's" Merman, who is expected to win a good handicap some day, but as he started at 20 to 1 on this occasion it was not surprising that he finished no nearer than fifth. Of the American-bred candidates, Keenan, Mack Briggs, and Diakka, the former, who started favourite, ran nowhere, and is evidently quite untrustworthy. But the last named was more successful, and won somewhat cleverly by a length and a half from Chasseur. The winner is by the English-bred Sailor Prince out of Rizpah, by the French-bred Mortemer, from Parthenia, by Alarm, and is, no doubt, useful in his own class, though it must be admitted that the opposition on this occasion was not very strong, Chasseur being quite 45lb. behind Victor Wild on their Kempton Park form, and the rest a very moderate lot. Another son of Despair, who is now sixth on the list of winning stallions, added to his sire's score when Southmoor won the Vynar Handicap; and then backers had a facer, when Prince of Poets, with 5 to 4 laid on him, went down before Emsworth and Bentworth in the Hurst Selling Plate. Bentworth made the running at a great pace, and although he could not, or would not, win himself, he effectually cut the favourite's throat. In spite of this disappointment backers came up smiling again, to lay 11 to 8 on Westralian for the Mole Selling Plate, which he won easily by three lengths. This son of Ingram and Simonia is a bit above Selling Plate class, and Mr. Calvert had to go to 500 guineas to keep him, whilst as Emsworth was bought in for 460 guineas after his victory, and a Canadense, a daughter of Martagon, who took the Ferry Selling Plate, fetched 550 guineas, the fund did well with their selling races on the day.

It had been a terribly dull and uninteresting First July Meeting at Newmarket, and the last day's racing was no improvement on that of the first three. Kilcock's easy victory in the Elmsmere Stakes was another proof of what I always maintain, namely, that staying is merely a relative term. Any horse can stay in a class below his own, as Kilcock showed when he beat three commoners for this race, which is run over a mile and three furlongs, and although he can hardly get one mile in his own class he could easily stay ten in such company as opposed him here.

Except for his colour, I remember taking a liking to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Dony when I saw him, as a yearling, at Southcourt, and as he gave a length beating to St. Ia, in the Fulbourne Stakes, he is evidently useful. At any rate, he is a rare goer, and will win plenty more races.

The principal event of the day, on Thursday, was, of course, the Princess of Wales's Stakes, in which St. Frusquin last year avenged his Epsom defeat by Persimmon, and which was won by Isinglass in 1894. Regret, who was started to help Labrador, set the pace such a cracker from the start, that he soon settled that staying but none too speedy colt, and then, having had enough of it himself, he rolled on to his other stable companion, Vesuvian, and somewhat interfered with him. Not that it made any difference to Sir Frederick Johnstone's colt, who, although he was more ship-shape than at Ascot, does not look like ever making a good horse, and, at any rate, had no chance here. In the meantime Goletta was running prominently, till she had reached the length of her tether, and then Knight of the Thistle looked like making a good race of it with Velasquez, till the latter shot away half-way up the hill and won by two lengths.

There is abundance of racing going on all over the country this week, and this will be brought to a conclusion at Lingfield, on Friday and Saturday. One of Mr. Brassey's pair, Orzil or Paladore, should win the Great Foal Plate, and Bohemond the Open Welter Handicap, whilst on the second day Knight of the Thistle, if he runs, may take the Summer Handicap.

OUTPOST.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A REMARKABLE book, and one which wise men and women will aim to buy rather than to obtain from the library, is Lady Mary Lloyd's translation, published by Mr. W. Heinemann, of the "Peter the Great" of Walizewski. The work of translation from the French has been admirably done by Lady Mary Lloyd, and shows equal mastery of the delicacies of the French and English languages. Moreover, the book itself will come to most readers as an entertaining novelty, for it would be mere affectation to pretend that Walizewski's work is within the common knowledge of men. From the historical point of view, perhaps, Walizewski may be accused of caricature. Assume that which he has collected is true; believe many strange things of the reforming despot concerning whom the knowledge possessed by most of us might easily be described as "Little-Arthurian"; accept stories showing that "wherever he went his insatiable curiosity and whimsicality went with him," that he was a kleptomaniac, a practical joker (which is the worst kind of idiot), that he delighted in cruelty, and that many of his great achievements were due rather to obstinacy than to intelligence. Still, there is such a thing as laying undue emphasis on some features in the character of a man or a monarch, and so painting, so to speak, one side of his face only. Peter certainly produced great results in the country which, after China, is perhaps less promising a field than any other. But if Walizewski sins against historical justice by caricature, for that very reason his book is the more amusing now. Artist or artisan, to use Walizewski's apposition, he did great things for his country, and his coarse vices—they were the vices, be it observed, of an uncivilised country in an age remote from ours—do not matter much now. Lady Mary Lloyd, in a word, deserves our thanks for making this amusing book accessible to the unlearned, and for reminding of its existence those who will have no difficulty in studying it in the original.

We always like Mr. E. W. Hornung's books for the dash and go there is in them, and his "My Lord Duke" (Cassell) is no exception to the rule. In it he applies his knowledge of Australian character and life in a new direction. Happy Jack of Carara is an unwell and innocent Arthur Orton. He is found, by family solicitors seeking an heir to a dukedom, in a shepherd's hut in the bush. He is really not the heir at all, and his "boss," who allows the mistake to go on for a while, knows this as well as anybody in the world, since he is the real duke and has been a scapegrace who, after emigrating to Australia, has given currency to the report of his own death. The amusing part of the story—for this is not a

case in which it is proper to use the jargon Art and Craftsmanship and so on—is the account of happy Jack's brief career as a duke. His roughness, his good heart, his pluck, and his honesty, leave a pleasant impression upon the mind, and the scene in which, having just reached the ancestral "Towers," he fights one of his tenants in the stable-yard is excellently well done. In dealing with English Society Mr. Hornung is less successful. His aristocratic poet, Claude Lafont, is a trifle overdrawn, and his sham-literary men more than a trifle. His Home Secretary is too rude and too careless even for a politician, and his matchmaking mother is absurd. But his heroine, though romantic, is delightful, and the book is well worth reading.

We are disposed to classify F. Marion Crawford's "A Rose of Yesterday" (Macmillan) as a very odd book. It passes from one hopeless love to another that seems equally hopeless with a rapidity that is positively bewildering. Heroine the first, a young girl, falls in love with an elderly colonel, who, on his part, has been in love for twenty years, or thereabouts, with a married woman. Her husband, for the time in a lunatic asylum in America, has ill-treated her habitually. He has also beaten their son on the head at odd times, until something near akin to idiocy has supervened. But the son has not been entirely an idiot, for he has kept count, on his toy blocks, of the blows given by his father; and, growing big enough, he has repaid the blows to his father, all at one time, and the result has been idiocy on the part of the father also. This difficult situation is further aggravated by two developments. The idiot boy falls in love with the girl who adores the elderly colonel, and the idiot father recovers. If, however, the father had not celebrated his recovery by dying, there is no saying what might have happened; for his wife was going to forgive him, though she loved the colonel, and the colonel, though he was a very noble gentleman, was going to kill him. As things turned out, all of them, except the wicked father who died, lived more or less happily ever afterwards. The scene, which is well painted, especially on the social side, is fixed in Lucerne. The law, we take it, is American, for in England heroine the second need not have sacrificed her life to the idea that she ought not to apply for a divorce, for she could not have obtained one, after condoning the offences of her husband, merely because he went mad. Such is the story; and it contains some very pretty psychological analysis. It contains also some moralising pocomposities which weary the reader. Here is a sample. "There is something strange and terrible, if we realise it, in man's power to harm or to help by written words from a distance. The little bit of paper leaves our hand with its wishing-carpet in the shape of a postage stamp, and swiftly singles out the one man or woman in two thousand millions, going straight to its mark with an aim far more unerring than steel or ball." This sort of thing goes on for a page or more; and it is sorry stuff. Far be it from us to say that the author's reflections are not valuable on occasion; but, if he had secured a friend to go through his manuscript and to eliminate the dreary platitudes, this particular book would assuredly have been none the worse.

Amongst forthcoming books, which are still little spoken of, though many are doubtless in the womb of the press, that which will have the most pathetic interest is Mrs. Oliphant's "personal life" of the Queen, shortly to be published by Messrs. Cassell. In no conventional sense the late Mrs. Oliphant enjoyed special opportunities for the writing of such a life, and Her Majesty had a warm regard for her character and work. Yet another Indian Mutiny book, dealing principally with the Siege of Delhi, is promised from the pen of Colonel H. M. Vibart. Its object, which is confessed quite frankly, is to place what the author believes to be just emphasis on the part played by Colonel Richard Baird Smith in bringing about the fall of Delhi. We shall await the volume with interest, although it is strange if the true proportions of history in relation to that memorable siege have not been reached already. Another important work, to be issued by the Kelmscott Press, is the "Water of the Wondrous Isles." This is a romance by the late Mr. William Morris, which he had but lately finished when death stilled his energies. In all probability, this is the last work of that fertile and dainty imagination which is destined to see the light.

Books to order from the library:—

- "An Old Soldier's Memories." S. H. Jones-Parry. (Hurst and Blackett.)
- "Evening Dress" W. D. Howells. (D. Douglas.)
- "The Fall of a Star." Sir W. Magnay. (Macmillan.)
- "The White Hecatomb." W. C. Scully. (Methuen.)

THAMES NOTES.

THE entries for Henley Regatta on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of next week are above the average, but have not created a Diamond Jubilee record, as some people imagined would be the case, there being fifty-six crews against fifty-eight last year. The only probable absentees, however, at the time of writing seem to be the representatives of the Société d'Encouragement au Sport Nautique from the Wyfolds.

Utrecht University supply the international interest this season in the Grand, but will hardly prove so great a draw as did Cornell and Yale, who filled the grand stand and other enclosures with enthusiastic college partisans. Everyone will hope that in the draw for heats New College and Trinity Hall, head boats of the Isis and Cam, may come together, and so revive one of the old meetings of the earliest days on the Henley course. Leander are strong, and will probably win, but the metropolitan crews, London and Thames, do not seem dangerous.

The Winnipeg R.C. seem to have a better chance of winning the Stewards' Cup than do the Utrecht crew. The home fours who oppose them are Leander, London, New College, Thames, and Trinity Hall, of which Leander are the most favoured, but it may be doubted if any English crew this season is equal to the London four of the last two years.

The Nickalls' Cup and Goblets have an entry of five pairs, one particularly welcome being J. A. Tinné and F. K. E. Hussey, of the Royal Chester R.C.; the remainder are all college and Leander oarsmen, not one metropolitan or up-river club putting on a pair.

The entry of so many as a dozen scullers for the Diamonds will lead to much good racing of an ordinary Senior Sculls class, but, with the Hon. R. Guinness absent, and no member of the Nickalls family sculling, we are not at full strength to meet E. H. Ten Eyck, Wachusett B.C.; Dr. W. S. McDowell, Delaware B.C.; and J. J. Blusse, De Hoop R.C., who will attempt to take the Diamonds out of England. We appear, however, to be safe, in spite of our champions being away. T. J. Hogan, the Irish sculler, is new to Henley, but most of the other men are well known, if not all as scullers. R. K. Beaumont, of Burton; H. T. Blackstaffe, Vesta R.C.; A. F. G. Everitt, London R.C.; Hon. E. A. Guinness, Thames R.C.; and C. K. Philips, of New College, seem

the best of the competitors, and with any two of them meeting there should be a keen struggle.

An entry everyone is glad to see is that of the Bedford Grammar School for the Ladies' Plate. Eton and Radley are, as usual, represented, and there are five college eights. The Thames Cup has the satisfactory entry of eight crews, of which Cooper's Hill are new to Henley. They turned out, however, a powerful eight last year at minor regattas. Emmanuel, the rough and ready winners of last year, defend their title, and the Delft students supply the international keenness necessary now to a Henley event. The absence of Kensington R.C. is a disappointment, and the black and white of Molesey will be missed. Kingston have entered, and their crew are perhaps above their average of the last few years.

In the Visitors', Cambridge is represented by Jesus and Third Trinity, and Oxford by New and Trinity, while the Cambridge fours also appear in the Wyfold, in which they will be opposed by Kingston, London, and Thames only, as the French four are non-starters.

There will be much "chortling" on the part of American rowing authorities over the result of the University race between Cornell, Yale, and Harvard, on the Hudson, for Mr. Cook, the coach of Yale, imbibed some English methods of rowing during his visit to Henley last year, while Harvard had the advice of the famous Leander coach, Mr. R. C. Lehmann. Cornell do not seem to have been in the betting, but beat Yale by a length and a-half, and Harvard by six lengths. If Americans think this proves the superiority of their stroke, they will be sadly disillusioned on their next visit to Henley. Over the Henley mile and 550 yards the short, snatchy American stroke has resulted in the visiting crews "cracking" before the finish, and on a four-mile course, judging by American form in the last two years, Cornell or Yale eights would have stood no chance with an average Oxford or Cambridge crew. It is difficult to compare the University form of England and America on time without knowing thoroughly the conditions under which the American race was rowed, but the following figures are instructive:—

	Length of course.	Won by.	Time.
America ...	4 miles ...	Cornell ...	20min. 34sec.
England ...	4½ " ...	Oxford (1897) ...	19min. 11 4-5sec.
England ...	4½ " ...	Oxford (1896) ...	20min. 1sec.

The two years are given here, as this season Oxford had favourable conditions, and last year the course was a very trying one. Comment is unnecessary, and unless the Hudson course is exceptionally bad, the crew, and not the coach or English style, must be blamed for the Harvard defeat.

The Jubilee Carnival, in Teddington Reach, on Saturday last, brought together a very large concourse of spectators, chiefly attracted, no doubt, by the novelty of the launching of a lifeboat on the non-tidal waters of the Thames. The boat was sent down by the National Lifeboat Institution, and manned by the fine crew from Worthing, who were heartily cheered as they proceeded to a wreck, which went down in effective style just before the rescuers arrived. The events of the afternoon were unimportant, being only designed to gather a crowd and to give the collectors a chance of rendering the Lifeboat Fund service; they comprised Tug-of-War, Water-Jousting, and an Indian attack on British settlers, all of which led to plenty of immersions and the consequent amusement of the spectators. C. E. T.

TOWN TOPICS.

NOT the least interesting sight on the Queen's Day was the march into the rest camp in Hyde Park of a number of large detachments of foot soldiers, both regulars and volunteers, who had been lining the route since early morning. The camp, which had been almost deserted all the afternoon, save by those whose duty it was to keep fires going and kettles boiling, was all astir in a moment, as, at about 4.30 p.m., the sound of the first band heralded the approach of the men. From every southerly point they came, colours flying, bands playing, officers on horseback and on foot, all longing to know their destination. That found, the colours were planted, and the tired warriors, many black with sunburn, hastily divested themselves of tunics and helmets and mopped their faces and heads, and threw themselves on the grass for a brief well-earned rest. "Ten minutes' rest in the shade, men," an officer cheerily remarked, "some meat and drink, and then for Euston!" Ten minutes' rest—after such a day it seemed hardly sufficient, but trains would not wait, and in a few moments bugles were sounding, men getting into ranks, and marching off again to the strains of the band. The regiments who enjoyed the possession of bagpipes seemed the freshest. There's something about the "skirl" that revives the tired limbs and makes the men throw up their heads as if suddenly refreshed, and step out as bravely as if they had not been on duty, in the broiling sun, for nearly twelve hours.

Among the many brilliant functions of the Queen's week, the ball given in Gray's Inn Hall by the treasurer, Master Mattinson, Q.C., and the Masters of the Bench, ranks very high. Most of the Colonial Premiers and their wives were present, as well as all the judges who were in town. For some reason there has been no dancing in Gray's Inn since the days of Queen Elizabeth, who gave to the hall its fine old screen of oak, made from relics of the Armada. "The Court dances," said Queen Elizabeth, "after the dancing of the gentlemen of Gray's, are like bread and cheese after a banquet"; and John Playford, in his preface to the "Dancing Master," 1652, with rather later experience, refers to "the gentlemen of the Innes of Court, whose sweet and 'ayry' activity has crowned their grand solemnities with admiration to spectators." Old John Playford also "much commends dancing as excellent recreation after more serious study, making the body active and strong, graceful in deportment, and a quality very much becoming a gentleman." The finely wainscoted walls in the Elizabethan Hall were garlanded with roses of all shades, from crimson to white, mixed with foliage, and the effect was charming. The coolness of the night prevented many from enjoying the beautiful gardens, illuminated for the occasion, and the "open air" concert had to be given in an upper room. This was hardly to be deplored, because it made visitors better acquainted with the grand old building. Supper was served in a huge marquee, electric lighted, and the Queen's health was drunk with great enthusiasm, the band of the Scots Guards playing the National Anthem meanwhile. About 600 guests were present. There were many handsome uniforms, native Indian costumes, lovely dresses and jewels, and well-known people, including Sir Edward and Lady Clarke, Lord Justice Lopes and Miss Lopes, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Justice Kekewich.

The marriage of Mr. Harry McCalmont, M.P., and Mrs. Atmar Fanning attracted a large and smart congregation to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Monday. The bride, who was given away by her father, General Sir Henry de Bathe, wore a pale grey satin Empire gown embroidered in gold, silver, and

pearls. The long transparent sleeves were in grey lisse, and the Court train was lined with white. The headgear was a turban of grey tulle, with white roses and an ostrich plume. Lord Manners was best man. Owing to mourning in the bridegroom's family the wedding was a very quiet one, only relatives and a few intimate friends having been invited to the reception held by the bride's sister, Lady Crossley, at 12, Carlton House Terrace. The honeymoon is to be spent in Switzerland.

The ball that was to have been held at Grosvenor House this week has been abandoned on account of the death of the Duke of Westminster's little granddaughter, who was both niece and step-granddaughter to the Duchess. The child, who was only nine years old, was thrown from her pony, and, her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged for some distance, receiving shocking injuries, which resulted in her death on the following day.

Lord Francis Hervey has sold his Sussex estate, "Cranesden," near Mayfield, through his London agents, Messrs. Osborn and Mercer, of Albemarle Street, to Mr. Morris Richardson, of King's Standing, Burton-on-Trent. Lord Francis Hervey bought the property in 1881 from the late Mr. Woolner, R.A., and subsequently added to and considerably beautified one of the most picturesque residences in the county.

Of recent years a considerable amount of attention has been devoted by experts to the construction of machinery for drying and purifying air. Experiments in this line have mostly been undertaken in connection with machinery for preserving food by means of refrigeration, but other persons have not been slow to perceive that the results of these experiments may be utilised to advantage in other lines of business. M. Lafayette, for instance, the Bond Street photographer, whose artistic portraits are so well known, and many of which have appeared on the frontispiece of COUNTRY LIFE, has an apparatus at his studio by which he is able in winter, with a fog thick as peasoup outside, to so purify the air that portraits can be taken under the electric light just as well as if it was an ideal photographer's day in the very height of summer.

The apparatus by which this purification is arrived at consists of a machine for filtering and purifying the air entering the building, warming it, and distributing it throughout the various rooms. Ventilating fans at the same time let out the foul air. In hot weather fresh air is brought into the building, filtered, passed through a cooling chamber, and taken over the building in a like manner, and thus both in winter and in summer the warming, cooling, and ventilation of the building are under entire control.

Now that the Devonshire House historic and fancy dress ball is over, with all its excitements, there is leisure to note the waning of the season. By the way, an excellent suggestion with regard to the ball has been made by one of the most influential and beautiful of the ladies who attended it. Why not, she says, have it over again in some large public building where thousands of spectators could be accommodated with seats, making a charge for them, and give the profits to the hospitals or other charities?

ON THE GREEN.

BRAID and Taylor have been having two desperate encounters of late. It is right to mention the name of the Romford man before that of the ex-champion, for he has just had the better of him in these latest meetings; but by how very small a margin! At Southall, where they met first, Braid gained this balance. It was a balance of but one hole on the thirty-six played on that green, and in the last round both scores were equal—both 70—both breaking the previous record of the green. It did not seem as if there could be closer fighting than this, yet the fight at Acton was closer. There Taylor got a lead of a single hole in the first round, and held it up to the very final hole of the match, so that he was dormy, with a hole to go; and of this final hole he had the better off the tee, for Braid's shot was a trifle wild, but the latter made a good recovery with his approach, and, Taylor playing weakly, gained the hole and halved the match. He was thus left with a balance of one hole to the good on seventy-two holes played. Braid, as was likely, was out-driving Taylor a little, but the latter as a rule was picking up on the approach play. The putting of both, at Acton, seems to have left something to be desired, but at Southall, with scores of 70 apiece, there cannot have been any very serious defect in any department of the game.

Mr. H. Hilton seems to be in invincible form, illustrating yet again the famous maxim that success breeds further success. For some weeks past there has been in progress on the links of Hoylake a tournament competition by holes—the handicap being also by holes, and the limit number given being thirteen. Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton were at scratch, with Mr. J. Graham, jun., receiving two, and so on. There was a large field. Mr. Graham distinguished himself in the fourth tie by beating Mr. John Ball, whom he caught at something considerably below his best, by the pleasant balance of nine up and seven to play. His next heat he also won, but then encountered Mr. Hilton, who played a very fine game against him, and bested him by four up and two to play. This was a semi-final tie, Mr. Holden beating Mr. Blackburne in the other penultimate game. Mr. Hilton and Mr. Holden then met, and though the former reduced all the odds of four holes against him at the sixth hole, Mr. Holden then played up so pluckily as to make a halved match of it. Mr. Hilton was not to be denied, however, and in playing off the tie his invincible steadiness gained him the match by three up and one to play. The prize was a fine one, well worth the winning, for there was a silver bowl to keep, as well as the challenge cup given, to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee, by an old member of the club. Mr. Holden was deservedly consoled with a record of his plucky fight in the shape of a silver cigarette box.

The Seaford Club has been holding a competition open to all amateur golfers, and the winner of the scratch prize—the most glorious, if not the most valuable—was that young Mr. R. R. Gilroy whom we remember a few years ago knocking Mr. John Ball out of the running for the Irish Championship. His winning score was 162, with an excellent 77 for his second round. With a penalty of two strokes he only tied with his father, Mr. T. Gilroy, for third place on the handicap list, Mr. W. C. Michie and Mr. W. Lambe tying for first and second, with nett 162, the former receiving ten strokes, and the latter eighteen, on the thirty-six holes. Mr. Michie, with a nett 76, also won the prize for the best single nett round.

At the Royal Wimbledon Club's monthly medal meeting there were few of the best players in the field, and no very low scratch scores were returned. A very good nett return, however, was that of the winner, Mr. J. W. Potter, whose allowance of fourteen reduced his nett score to 77. This was a deal too good for any of the others, of whom three tied for second place at 84. It is likely that Mr. Potter's win will direct to him the honourable attentions of the handicap committee.

Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne.

MONDAY: All the morning I have spent with Nellie trying to assist her to make up her mind to choose her wedding dress. She argues lack of previous experience in such matters when I suggest that many days need not be occupied with such trivial affairs, and she calls me unsympathetic when, after four hours spent with her favourite dressmaker, arriving at no conclusion, I venture to suggest that I am hungry for my luncheon. Of course, she has quite made up her mind she must have something totally different from anything which has yet been produced in the way of bridal gowns—that way dire failure lies. I know those women with original ideas, and what appalling clothes they obtain for themselves, feeling that they have bought something nobody else ever has, and arguing therefrom that it must be something desirable, when, as a matter of fact, had it been so desirable,



A BLUE SERGE DRESS TRIMMED WITH SATIN STRAPPINGS.



TOQUE OF CORNFLOWERS.

somebody else would have bought it. I want Nellie to have a chiffon gown with a real lace train—the idea is delightful, and I am priding myself on it tremendously—while she hankers after the more solid attractions of white satin draped with lace, and talks of copying some old Tudor picture. The women in London are mad to-day about copying old pictures. The Duchess of Devonshire is responsible for this, I expect. I have no objection to the practice if the old picture be selected with a due regard for the appropriate; but Nellie is not a big woman, and I am sure she will look horrible with Tudor slashings and a wired lace collar, which is the immediate object of her dreams. I think I shall go with Tom to his tailor and see if I cannot be more successful in leading his fancies towards suitable garments. Nellie is really impossible to-day, and she has her purse full of pieces of white satin, all closely resembling each other. Upon these she is going to sit in solemn conclave with the rest of the family to-night.

TUESDAY: I have had a triumph! Nellie, after many forebodings and much hesitation, has yielded to my advice, and is to wear a chiffon gown, sun-kilted from neck to foot, and a train of lace—I am sure she will look lovely. The bodice is to be just a little low at the neck, and the sleeves of transparent lace. I am quite excited about the result, and I have bought my own dress, too, of pink batiste and white lace. Masses of white lace are inserted from the head to the hem of this, and I am going to wear a black chip hat with black ostrich feathers round it. I have also done my duty by my mother, and selected a lovely frock for her of white silk, completely covered with black Chantilly lace. She is to wear a bonnet also of lace, with a large white bird sitting at one side, and I think she will look beautiful. All the French people are wearing black and white. I had a letter from a friend of mine in Paris only yesterday, in which she writes:—"Lace bodices continue to be all the rage; ostrich feathers decorate every hat worthy of the name; black and white gowns have an enormous vogue, either in striped silk or in lace over white silk; also, I have seen some white

IN THE GARDEN.



A CANVAS DRESS WITH GLACE SLEEVES AND BOLERO

batiste dresses trimmed with insertions of black lace, and, again, I have met black muslin dresses trimmed with white lace. You cannot do wrong in Paris if you wear black and white just now, and all the prettiest hats are of black chip, lined with white chip, trimmed with black feathers, while all the smartest toques of the day are of white net, spotted with black, with a couple of black and white ostrich feathers at one side; and the best of the new parasols are of white, covered with black lace, just like those of olden date which our mothers used to possess. Besides black and white, the women over here are wearing dark blue voile and alpaca. On both materials a trimming of strapping is adopted, and the white shirt front is ubiquitous. The tulle bows are, I think, on the wane, shirt fronts of finely tucked muslin, with hem-stitched frills, giving place to these. And I really do find that in the matter of small sleeves the English people have led the French this year; we are taking to the smaller sleeve at last. But I must tell you of a good dress I met at the races the other day, which would have appealed to you immensely, it was so expensive. It was of the faintest peach-coloured cr pe de chine, and down one side of the skirt and round the hem there was an appliqu  of fine black lace flowers, the same decoration being used to cover the bodice, which had just a round yoke at the top of white lace set transparently. Have I told you in my previous letters that transparent lace is permitted in the open air? It is not an unusual sight to see lace sleeves guileless of lining, and lace cravats treated in the same way, on frocks of white or buff-coloured linen."

She is a nice correspondent, that little girl who lives in Paris. I shall encourage her to write to me often when I have time to read her letters, but just now Nellie occupies my every moment, and I spend seven hours every day at her dressmaker's.

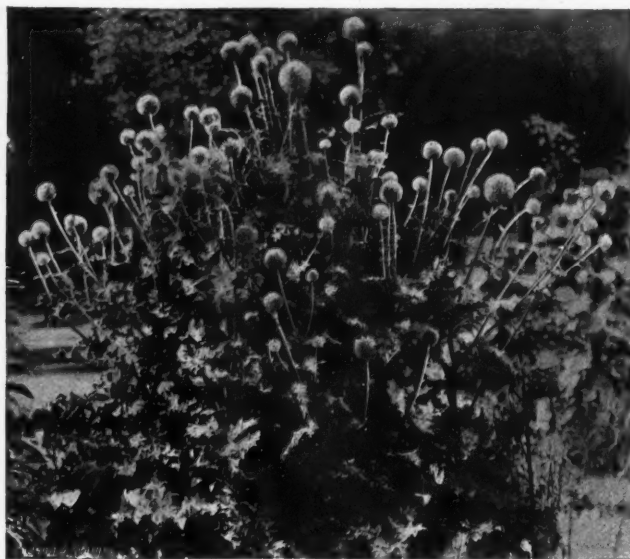


Photo., C. Dixon, THE GLOBE THISTLE IN WILD GARDEN.

Kensington

THE above illustration shows a group of the picturesque Globe Thistle (*Echinops ruthenicus*), which is in fullest beauty when the round heads of flowers are open, as then one gets a rich association of colour from the silvery leafage. We have mentioned before that to group hardy plants boldly, whether in the wild garden or otherwise, is the way to thoroughly enjoy them. A mass of colour is seen, and in the case of the Globe Thistle, of no unusual kind. As the plant comes from Southern Russia, there is no doubt about its hardiness, and it will succeed in ordinary soil. *E. Ritro* is a fine kind, so, also, is the tall *E. spherocephalus*, but none are more pleasing than the species illustrated.

PINK ALBINO.

This is a worthy addition to the small list of white Pinks. All flower lovers should ever be on the look-out for good new kinds, and this is certainly an advance. The flowers are without a trace of colour, large without being coarse, with broad smooth petals kept well within the calyx. A fault in most Pinks and Carnations is splitting, and split flowers look bedraggled on the plant as well as when cut for the house. As Pinks may be readily propagated by cuttings or pipings at this season, merely dibbling moderately ripened shoots under a bell-glass out of doors, this is an appropriate season to acquire a new kind.

THE ICELAND POPPIES.

Few flowers are fairer than varieties of the Iceland Poppy, dainty in form and daintier still in colouring. Nothing gives the writer keener pleasure than a bowlful of flowers representing many shades, some almost pure white, others lemon colour, and then a series of rich orange red, yellow, and allied tints, all fresh and clear. No muddy tints spoil the race, as in the French and Shirley Poppies, which must be kept rigidly selected to preserve the purity of the race. Seedlings should always be at hand to maintain a display, as the plants are not very long lasting, so that it is necessary to replant every year or so. Seed is, however, very easily raised in the open ground. When gathering Iceland Poppy flowers to send to friends, pick them when opening, not in full bloom. All Poppies travel badly when cut fully expanded. The scent of *P. nudicaule*, as the subject of this note is called in books, is pleasant, which cannot be written of the entire family. It must not be forgotten that those who wish to keep the Shirley Poppies true, must root up all forms that do not approach the correct standard, otherwise the plants will revert to our common field Poppy from whence they came.

COREOPSIS GRANDIFLORA.

Few hardy flowers are more beautiful than this comparatively new acquisition to our gardens. It is graceful, rich in colour, and flowers with remarkable freedom, as if intent upon blooming itself to death. The flowers are clear yellow in colour, perfectly self, without a trace of any foreign shade, and carried upon long slender stems, which adapt them for gathering for the house. No garden should be without a bold group, and the way to get a long and bountiful supply of flowers is to treat the plant as a biennial, one reason being that its wealth of bloom is a severe tax upon the plant, which soon succumbs. The writer has known a group to flower from early summer until late in autumn, but the tremendous strain proved too much for the plant. This may seem discouraging, but seed is very easily raised in the spring. Thus a stock is always ready, as seeds sown in spring will produce vigorous plants for putting out in the autumn.

ENGLISH IRIS LEON TOLSTOI.

This is the most beautiful variety amongst the English Irises, and shown lately at the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society. The flowers are very large, with broad, velvety, plum-coloured segments, relieved by a yellow line running half-way down the fall. This and the pure white Mont Blanc would make a striking group. We believe the variety Leon Tolstoi is rather scarce, but such a splendid summer-flowering bulb should not long remain scarce. The English Iris (*I. anglica* or *Xiphion latifolium*, as it is botanically named) is very hardy and easily grown.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers in gardening as much as possible, we shall be pleased to answer any questions on flowers, fruits, vegetables, or the laying out of gardens, addressed to the Editor. An addressed stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.